

SELECT
REVIEWS OF LITERATURE,
FOR JULY, 1811.

FROM THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Brief Remarks on the Character and Composition of the Russian Army, and a Sketch of the Campaigns in Poland in the years 1806 and 1807. 4to. pp. xxviii. 276. London. Egerton. 1811.

THERE is not a more certain prognostic of the downfall of a nation, than a conviction on the part of the government and the people, that their utmost efforts are inadequate to resist the enemy with whom they may be engaged in war. There is something in this feeling which palsies every nerve, and produces an effect upon a nation, which may be said to resemble the langour of a confirmed melancholy, operating upon individuals. It oppresses those whom it attacks with a listless debility, and whilst the power of the disorder becomes gradually more decided, and its cure more remote, it leaves its unfortunate victims to sink beneath their fate, without effort and without hope.

It is therefore with great regret, and not without some alarm, that we observe in any part of this country a tendency to this disorder; and we consider as no equivocal symptom of its approach, a disposition to represent every extensive application of the great military resources of these islands, as utterly vain and ineffectual. We confess that it has given us pe-

culiar pain to remark, that this doctrine (which appears pregnant with fatal consequences) has been propagated by persons who, from their situation, character, and talents, have considerable weight in the country; and who might, if they thought fit, excite spirit and vigour in the same degree as they now create despondency and fear. They do not, it is true, extend their doubts of the ability of this country to contend with France, to our maritime means; but they entertain such an opinion of the supereminent military genius of Buonaparte, and of the overwhelming strength of the military resources of France, as to look upon the British army (the bravest and the finest undoubtedly in the world) as fit only to wage a petty colonial war, or to wait in trembling apprehension at home for the moment, when the enemy, having consolidated all his means and collected all his might, shall attempt to number the British empire amongst his dependent provinces. For ourselves, we confess that these maxims are by no means congenial

to our feelings, or consistent with our notions of British policy. We cannot very readily understand what benefit, and particularly what security, is to follow from a mode of conducting a war purely and systematically defensive. In the operations of an individual campaign, such a mode of warfare may be prudent and advantageous; but it appears to us that the adoption of it, as a fixed principle, would give to the enemy every advantage which he could desire, and deprive ourselves of every chance of terminating hostilities with safety or honour. Far from considering the state of Europe at the present moment as one which calls upon us to abandon all idea of vigorously resisting Buonaparte upon the continent, we see in the struggles which have ennobled some, and in the reverses which have overturned others of the continental powers, an additional motive for energy and perseverance on our own part: and from an attentive examination of the great military events of the last eighteen years, we are persuaded that by a manly and *honest* resistance, even the genius of Buonaparte may be foiled, and the spell of French invincibility dissolved.

It is on these accounts that we view with pleasure the work before us; and we think that Sir Robert Wilson has rendered an eminent service to his country, to Europe, and the world, by exhibiting an authentic narrative of the campaigns in Poland, and by thus assisting in tearing away the mask with which exaggeration on the one hand, and pusillanimity on the other, have disguised much of the true character of Buonaparte's strength. That Sir Robert Wilson was well qualified to give these details to the public cannot be doubted, whether we consider the talents which he is known to possess, or the opportunities which he enjoyed of witnessing what he describes. The motives too which he states as having urged him to this undertaking, are highly creditable to his feelings; and he very

naturally represents them to have been awakened 'by the perusal of a French extra-official narrative of the campaigns of 1806 and 1807, and by a late British publication on the character, customs, and manners of Russia, with a Review of that work.'—With regard to the two latter publications, we entirely concur with Sir Robert Wilson in the view which he entertains of their tendency, and of the injudicious tone of asperity in which they are expressed—a tone which many circumstances recorded in the book itself, pointed out by Sir Robert Wilson, render not only imprudent, but unjustifiable. In fact, we are not without suspicion, that if our travellers do not experience in Russia that attention and hospitality to which they conceive themselves entitled, the Russians *alone* are not to blame.—We assert, however, in common with Sir Robert Wilson, (and we have no unsubstantial grounds for the assertion,) that the charge brought against Russia is totally unfounded; and we could add many names to the list which he has given of those to whom he could refer for a confirmation of his opinion. We do not indeed pretend to say that there are no defects in the Russian character; but we are disposed to make great allowances in favour of a people, who little more than a century ago were hardly to be considered as forming part of the European commonwealth, and whose comparative backwardness in many points of civilization, may rather be attributed to the general slowness with which improvement advances, than to any insuperable obstacles arising from the native character of those amongst whom its influence is extended. Be this however as it may, we think with Sir Robert Wilson, 'that the interests of Russia and of England are inseparably united;' and we should consider it almost miraculous if the late selection of Bernadotte to be Crown Prince of Sweden, and the extension of the French empire to the Hanse

Towns, did not excite a degree of jealousy between Russia and France, which may, at no remote period, be attended with very important consequences.

Looking therefore to the prospect of a return of that harmony which formerly subsisted between England and Russia, we are happy to deduce from the work before us the following inferences: first, that experience will have taught Russia those causes of her former failure which depended upon herself; and, secondly, that with the benefit of that experience, she may acquire the means of contending successfully with France. It is not for us to say how soon she may become sensible of the impolicy and danger of her present union with that power, or how soon (supposing that sense of danger to be created) she may feel herself in a condition to break the bonds by which she is at present fettered. We cannot but admit, that if the marriage of Buonaparte with a Princess of Austria should give him such a commanding influence in the Cabinet of Vienna, as to compel that power to active co-operation with France against Russia, the difficulties of the latter country would be very materially increased. But the experience of all history teaches us, that the connexions which such marriages form between States, naturally jealous of each other, are frail and fleeting. Can we suppose that Austria will not look with increasing anxiety to the recovery of those portions of her territory which have been wrested from her, and which, from their position and internal resources, are, in a commercial, political and military sense, of such vast importance to the prosperity and strength of the Austrian empire? Nothing which she can acquire on the side of Turkey or of Poland, can, as it strikes us, compensate, in point of feeling and interest, for the loss of the Venetian States; for the dismemberment of her hereditary dominions on the side of Carinthia and Carniola;

and, above all, for the sacrifice of the Tyrol, that gem in the Austrian crown, torn from her after a struggle, which, whilst it excited the admiration, and kindled the enthusiasm of surrounding nations, must have taught Austria herself the intrinsic value of so inestimable a possession. She may indeed be indignant at the conduct of Russia in the war of 1809; but she will recollect that the hostilities of that power were languid and evidently reluctant; and although at the peace of Vienna she was compelled to abandon a portion of her Polish territory to Russia, she will feel that her real enemy and spoiler is France, and that with France is her true and genuine quarrel. Admitting, therefore, that the conduct of Buonaparte towards Austria at the peace of Vienna, was a stroke of policy well calculated to forward his immediate views, we may still venture to doubt the permanency of its effects; and, without following this course of reasoning into detail, we do not think that there is any thing in the present state of Europe which renders it improbable that Russia will sooner or later throw off the yoke of Buonaparte, and assert her native strength with vigour and success. That strength may indeed have been shaken, and even for a time impaired, in the late tempestuous struggle: but is it therefore gone for ever, or has it necessarily been followed by irremediable debility and decay? The branches of the tree may have been shattered, but the trunk and the root remain uninjured, and the sap still moves on in its regular course with healthy and undiminished circulation.

We will now endeavour to lay before our readers a view of the work itself. It is divided into two parts; viz. remarks upon the character and composition of the Russian army, and a detailed account of the campaigns in which it was engaged. These divisions are however preceded by a preface, which contains some

matter not to be passed over without notice. We have already expressed our approbation of the motives which led Sir Robert Wilson to undertake this publication, and our general coincidence in the vindication of the Russian character; but there is one part of the preface which we cannot look upon as entitled to the same assent: we mean that which relates to the partition of Poland, and in which Sir Robert endeavours, as it appears to us, to palliate that atrocious transaction. We really do not think that it was at all necessary, with a view to defend the present state of Russia from the aspersions thrown upon it by Dr. Clarke and others, to advert to this subject; nor does the author appear to have succeeded in his attempt. Our readers, however, shall judge for themselves. After quoting various state papers in order to show that Russia was not only not guilty of religious persecution in Poland, but that, on the contrary, her object was to secure the most perfect toleration, he adds,—

‘Persecution (speaking here of the persecution exercised by the *Polish* government against the Dissidents) went on, and Poland was partitioned, so as to render her *a less formidable agitator to the neighbouring States*. The erasure of Poland from the list of States has ever been deemed an atrocious outrage, *but certainly Poland had abused her independence*. For nine hundred years this fine country (with very little intermission) had been the prey of factions and disorder, *which had kept the bordering States in continual inquietude*, whilst they desolated and degraded the people.’

And again—

‘If the government of Poland had not been vicious, if the state of society had not been depraved, twelve millions of people would have found means to preserve their independence, when the inclination to become a nation was so prevalent; nor would ambition have projected the subjugation, or could Catherine have been enabled before the last partition to reply to a prelate of Poland, who was endeavouring to convince her that his country was a Sovereign State, independent of all other earthly power, and that there was an in-

justice in her Majesty’s proceeding towards it—“Reverend Father, if Poland was an independent State, you would not have been here to intercede for it; as it is, you can give me no security that your country will not fall under the dominion of those who may one day attempt to disturb the happiness of my people. To care for the present, and provide for the future safety of this empire, the Almighty has imposed on me the heavy duty of a Sovereign: and to the accomplishment of our divine mission all earthly considerations must give place.”’

Now upon these passages we have to remark, that admitting (as we do) the accuracy of Sir Robert Wilson’s account of the government and institutions of Poland, we cannot see in them any justification of the partitioning powers. They had not a right even to interfere with, much less to dismember, the territories of Poland, unless they could clearly and distinctly show that the anarchy which prevailed in that country was dangerous to the security of their own States. They did indeed pretend to justify their conduct upon this principle; but to us it is manifest that the radical vices of the Polish constitution, and the perpetual confusion which they introduced into every part of the country, so far from being a cause of jealousy and alarm, were guarantees to the neighbouring States of her inability to do them mischief; and Sir Robert Wilson himself confirms this opinion, when he says in the preceding extract, ‘that if the government of Poland had not been vicious, if the state of society had not been depraved, twelve millions of people would have found means to preserve their independence;’ for if these causes rendered them incapable of defending themselves, how could they give them the means of endangering the safety of others? If they were so weak at home, what strength could they display abroad? Upon the ground therefore of self-defence, we think the palliation fails entirely; and we are really surprized that the author should have

introduced into this justificatory part of his preface the speech of Catherine, in which she affects to consider her career of injustice towards Poland, as a duty imposed upon her by Providence for the security of her own subjects. She did indeed make 'all earthly considerations give way' upon this occasion; but they gave way not to the mandates of heaven, but to the violence of inflamed ambition. In short, if there existed no other records of the partitions of Poland, than the manifestoes by which it was attempted to justify them, we should still say that they were conceived in injustice, and executed with every mark of insult, and in defiance of every principle of generosity or honour.

With regard to what Sir Robert Wilson says of the general conciliatory disposition of the Russian government towards its subjects, we are disposed to allow due weight to the following statement.

'Public documents will authenticate, that so far from any existing desire to impose the shackles of slavery, extraordinary encouragements are given to the progress of freedom; and that the total abolition of slavery is the principle of the Russian government, which indefatigably pursues this difficult but noble object, and for which purpose a committee is at this very time sitting, under the superintendence of the Emperor.'

This undoubtedly is highly satisfactory, and most gratifying to every lover of rational liberty; and we certainly think that the tranquillity which Sir Robert afterwards represents as having prevailed in the distant and conquered provinces during the late war, when no troops were left to overawe them, may fairly be viewed as tending still farther to establish the general fact of the conciliatory character of the Russian government. We are at the same time not without our fears, that in a country of such vast extent, and still labouring under so many defects in its political institutions, there must be, at

least in its extremities, many instances of individual oppression.

We cannot conclude our comments upon Sir Robert Wilson's preface, without referring to his charge against Buonaparte for having poisoned his sick soldiers in Egypt, which he there renews. We shall however only observe, that we have not the smallest suspicion that he would have brought forward so grave an accusation without being himself thoroughly persuaded of the truth of the facts which he alleged; and that if he has hitherto failed in substantiating the charge, it is not so much from any improbability in the thing itself, as from the difficulty and danger of producing such testimony as would constitute a decisive proof.

We have detained our readers somewhat too long from a view of the main body of the work. It commences with a description of the Russian army, and Sir Robert points out with great minuteness and in a very interesting manner, the characteristics which mark the different parts of which it is composed. In his account of the infantry he represents them as possessing all the materials requisite for forming complete soldiers; and he records a variety of anecdotes which confirm in a striking manner his general description of their character. We were particularly struck with the following instances of devoted intrepidity, one where the error of a commander had exposed his troops to inevitable destruction, and the other where the idea of gratifying their sovereign, and fulfilling his expectations, overpowered every other feeling.

"Comrades, go not forwards into the trenches," cried out a retiring party to an advancing detachment, "retreat with us, or you will be lost, for the enemy are already in possession."—"Prince Potemkin must look to that," replied the commander, "for it was he who gave us the order.—Come on Russians!" and he and his men marched forward and perished.

The other instance occurred at Eylau.

‘General Benningsen ordered the village of Eylau, which had been abandoned by mistake, to be recovered, and the columns were in motion, animated by an expression in the command, that the Emperor expected his troops to execute the orders; but afterwards thinking it advisable, as the enemy was greatly reinforced, to desist from the enterprize, he sent to countermand the service. “No, no,” exclaimed every voice, “the Emperor must not be disappointed.”’

These are noble sentiments, and the nation which is actuated by them, can hardly fail to be eminently distinguished in war. But we cannot forbear laying before our readers another trait which Sir Robert mentions, because it gives rise to some reflections not inapplicable to our own country :

‘The Russian, nurtured from earliest infancy to consider Russia as the supreme nation of the world, always regards himself as a component part of the irresistible mass. Suwarrow professed the principle, and profiting of the prejudice, achieved with most inadequate means the most splendid success. The love of country is pre-eminent, and inseparable from the Russian soldier. This feeling is paramount, and in the very last hour his gaze is directed to its nearest confines.’

We have noticed this, because we think the feelings here described, are most worthy of our approbation, and because we have observed in some of our politicians, and in a certain class of writers who would sink all high-toned feeling in metaphysical refinement, a disposition to represent the love of country, (considered as a mere sentiment, and independent of the peculiar benefits which the institutions of a particular country may confer upon its inhabitants,) to be a sentiment worthy only of former barbarism and antiquated prejudice. Now we are thoroughly persuaded that this feeling is essential to the maintenance of national independence, and that those who calculate the value of their country, as they would the value of their estate, according

to the degree of personal profit or enjoyment which they derive from it, will never be found firm and constant in its support. We appeal, in justification of this opinion, to the unyielding courage which marked the conduct of the Russian soldiery, and to the splendid and sublime heroism, which has prompted the persevering resistance of Spain and Portugal. These countries, particularly the two latter, were not blessed with a free government; they laboured under numberless abuses, and felt in every quarter the chilling influence of misguided despotism: but the people loved their country because it was their country, they fought for it because they loved it, and thousands of them have sealed by their death the sincerity and warmth of their affection. This may be romantic and unphilosophical, but it is generous, it is noble.

The account of the light infantry, the imperial guard, the cavalry and artillery, is well drawn up, and coincides in most particulars with other accounts which we have heard of them, although it may perhaps be thought that the partiality which gratitude excites in Sir Robert Wilson towards the Russians, has rendered the panegyric passed upon their military establishments in general, rather more warm than in strictness might be warrantable.—We think however that the reader will be particularly interested with his account of the Cossagues and their mode of fighting, of which we have reason to believe the gallant officer was not an idle spectator. It is impossible indeed to peruse this detail without feeling the highest admiration for this singular race of people; singular at least in the present state of the world, whether we consider their form of government, their modes of life, their various virtues, although clouded by a certain degree of ferocity and a disposition to plunder when removed from their own country, or their activity and enterprize in

war. The following extract will illustrate some points of this general description :

‘ When a British officer was observing the retreat of Marshal Ney from Gütstadt, his dress and telescope attracted the attention of the enemy, who directed some cannon at him : the first ball struck the earth under his horse, and covered the animal and his rider with sods : a second ball was fired with similar accuracy, when the attendant Cossaque rushed up to him with resentment in his features, and pointing at his helmet, desired him to change it with his cap ; and on the officer’s refusal, he attempted to snatch it from his head and substitute his own : during this contest a shower of musket balls rendered the horses wild, and they flew apart. When the Cossaque was afterwards asked by the Attaman, with feigned anger, for his own explanation of such disrespectful conduct, he replied, “ I saw that the enemy directed their fire at the English officer on account of his casque and plume ; I was appointed by you to protect him, I knew you had marched with many Cossagues, but only one stranger ; it was therefore my duty to avert mischief from him by attracting it to myself, and by so doing, preventing the sorrow you and every Cossaque would feel at the loss of a guest perishing in your service.” ’

This is a specimen of the sentiments and conduct of a people, of whom the 44th Bulletin of the French army, dated Warsaw, December 21, 1806, does not scruple to speak in the following terms :

‘ There are no men so wretched and cowardly as the Cossagues : they are a scandal to human nature. They pass the Bug, and violate the Austrian neutrality every day, merely to plunder a house in Galicia, or to compel the inhabitants to give them brandy, which they drink with great avidity. But since the late campaign, our cavalry is accustomed to the mode of attack made use of by these wretches ; and notwithstanding their numbers and their hideous cry upon these occasions, they await them without alarm ; and it is well known that 2000 of these wretches are not equal to the attack of a squadron of our cavalry.’

Those who know any thing of the French cavalry, will be well able to appreciate the truth of the latter observation : and we wish we could

bring before the eyes of Buonaparte the following passage :

‘ Terror preceded the charge, and in vain discipline endeavoured to present an impediment to the protruding pikes. The Cuirassiers alone preserved some confidence, and appeared to baffle the arm and the skill of the Cossaque ; but in the battle of Preuss Eylau, when the Cuirassiers made their desperate charge on the Russian centre, and passed through an interval, the Cossagues bore down on them, speared them, unhorsed them, and in a few moments 530 Cossagues re-appeared in the field, equipped with the spoil of the slain.’—p. 27.

Many other instances of similar courage and superiority are recorded in this volume, and we have no hesitation in saying, that the testimony of Sir Robert Wilson is at least as valuable as the bulletins of the French Emperor. Indeed the coarse language in which Buonaparte speaks of the Cossagues, is with us a strong proof of the injury which they did to him ; for we have observed that he is abusive and contemptuous in proportion as he has reason to hate or fear ; whether the object be the beautiful and high-minded Queen of Prussia, the daring Cossaque, the enthusiastic resistance of Spain and Portugal, the skill and judgment of Lord Wellington, the vigorous exertions of the British government, or the freedom of the British people, which gives them a spirit to despise his menaces, and an arm to retaliate his aggressions.

Sir Robert introduces many curious traits of the Cossagues in general, and, in describing their Attaman Platow, draws a most striking picture of that noble and distinguished chief. He appears to have risen from the ranks, and the detail of his services fully justifies the author’s observation—‘ Proud and happy may his country be, if she always finds a chief with equal mind and virtues.’ If indeed the most undaunted courage, the most incessant activity and perseverance, and the most consummate coolness in the midst of difficulty and danger, are characteristics of an emi-

nent warrior, Platow will not shrink from a comparison with the most distinguished of his rivals.

‘It was in this retreat (after the opening of the campaign of 1807) that Platow evinced a trait of that superior mind which attained his station, and which, if he had received a liberal education, would have rendered him one of the first men of the age, as indisputably he is one of the most eminent warriors. After Buonaparte had brought up a second corps of his army, (the brigades of Pajol, Durosnel and Bruyères, and the division of heavy cavalry under the orders of General Nansouty,) supported by the whole body he advanced with rapidity, resolved to overwhelm the rear-guards of Platow and Bragratiou, before they passed the bridges of the river which flowed behind them, and to which they had to descend. The Cossagues saw the impending danger, and began to press back in confusion. Platow checked, but found the disorder increasing: he immediately sprang from his horse, exclaiming to the Cossagues, “Let those who are base enough, abandon their Attaman.” The corrected lines paused. He gradually moved, and with a waving hand kept back those who had trespassed, sent his orders with calmness, reached the town in order, halted at the bridge until every man had passed, destroyed it, and (still on foot) proceeded on the other side of the town, struggling above ankle deep through the heavy sand: nor could the most tremendous cannonade, and the incessant fire of the French battalions, crowning the opposite heights, and who commenced their volleys as they formed successively, accelerate his pace, or induce him to mount his horse, until the object was attained, and superior duty obliged him, for the direction of other operations. His mein, his venerable and soldier-like appearance, his solemn dignity of manner, combined with the awful incidents of the scene to render this one of the most imposing and interesting sights that could be witnessed. It is afterwards stated of him, that at Tilsitz, when the French generals sent to request leave to present their compliments to him in person, he answered, “There might be peace between his Sovereign and Buonaparte, but no civilities between him and them,” and he ordered his sentries to admit no French whatever in their circle.’

We confess that we are oldfashioned enough to admire the proud refusal of this sturdy veteran to share in the contaminating connexion which

had infected many of those around him; and we are happy to believe that there were other noble minds, besides Platow, which deeply felt the degradation that had fallen upon their Sovereign and their country. Sternness and severity, however, are not the only features in the Attaman’s character: he appears upon the following occasion, to have graced the ruggedness of military heroism, with all the tenderness of friendship and affection; at the funeral of Colonel Karpow, a distinguished Cossaque officer, who had been killed in a most gallant affair with a body of Polish infantry at Omilow.

‘Platow reproached the Colonel’s party for not having revenged his death and devoted themselves to sacrifice the enemy; and when he kissed the forehead (according to custom) previous to the lid of the coffin being closed, he could not refrain from tears: wiping them away, he observed, “that he did not weep for the lot of mortality, but that friends could not go together out of the world.”’

We could dwell with pleasure upon the good qualities of the Cossaque nation and their Attaman; but we must hasten to the consideration of other subjects; and we have still a few observations to make upon the remainder of what relates to the component parts of the Russian army.

After some account of the Basquiens, the author proceeds to describe the officers, the staff, the commissariat, and the hospitals of the Russian army, and concludes this division with some general remarks. It is in these particulars that we discover the great and leading defects of their military system. Sir Robert observes that ‘with partial exceptions, the inferior officers of the infantry are disqualified by the neglect of education, and the absence of those accomplishments which should distinguish officers, as well as the sash and gorget. If the Russian troops had better regimental aids, they would, from their disposition to obedience, and habits of temperance, be as distinguished for their discipline,

as they are for their courage.' On the artillery officers, he observes 'that those of inferior rank have not the same title to estimation as in the other European services, for their education is not formed with the same care, and their service does not receive the same encouragement.'

No mention, we remark, is made of the engineers; nor does it appear throughout the course of the narrative, that this branch, so eminently essential in a defensive war, was ever brought much into play, except, perhaps, at the battle of Heilsberg; we doubt, indeed, whether during any part of the campaign any precautions were taken for covering the passage of rivers by *têtes-de-pont*, and other defences, of which Buonaparte knows so well how to avail himself, and by which he is always careful to provide for the security of his retreat. The insufficiency of the Russian staff is a most serious evil in their army, and we are not surprized at the anxiety which Sir Robert represents them to have expressed for the services of General Anstruther, an officer of distinguished merit who fell a victim to his zeal and exertions with the army in Spain, under the command of the late Sir John Moore. We apprehend, indeed, that the Russians have always felt their deficiency in this respect; for we believe that under Suwarrow, in Italy, their Quarter Master General was an Austrian; and in the campaign of 1805, the duties of that station were discharged by Austrian officers: first by General Schmidt, who was unfortunately killed in an action near Crems on the Danube; and afterwards at Austerlitz, by General Weyrother.

The Commissariat and Hospital Departments also appear to labour under many defects; and it is obvious how such deficiencies must tend to cripple the operations of an army, and that whilst they render victory more doubtful, they greatly increase the difficulty of following it up, when courage and perseverance have ob-

tained it. It is, however, but just to remark, that these are not insurmountable evils; and if we may judge by the improvements which have been made in the British army of late years in these essential branches, there can be no reason to suppose that those who direct the military councils of Russia, will be slow to take advantage of their late experience, and to extract from former failure the means of future success: indeed we have heard that their attention has for some time been particularly directed to improvements in these important objects.

We are now brought to the account of the campaigns of 1806 and 1807, in which the prowess and patience of the Russian troops were put to a most severe trial, and in which, notwithstanding the eventful want of success, these qualities were exhibited with peculiar lustre. We are ready, in the outset, to do justice to the clear detail which Sir Robert Wilson has given of these operations, and to the interesting, and in many respects new points of view, in which he has placed them. We were prepared to find that the conduct of the Russians had been highly creditable to their steadiness and courage; but we were not altogether aware how much their activity and enterprize had annoyed the enemy, and, in some degree at least, compensated for their inferiority of numbers. It is due also to General Lestock, and the Prussian corps under his command, to point the attention of the reader to the useful and honourable part which they performed in these campaigns, and to the proofs which they exhibited (under circumstances the most discouraging) of that spirit which had been created by the genius, and kept alive by the example of the great Frederick; a spirit indeed which was not confined to General Lestock and those who shared in the operations described by Sir Robert Wilson, but which had been previously manifested by General Blücher, and the brave

men who accompanied his glorious retreat, after the battle of Jena.

The first striking feature in these campaigns was the battle of Pultusk. Various affairs of more or less consequence had previously taken place, but this was the first occasion on which the main bodies of the contending armies came in contact with each other. Upon perusing Sir Robert's account of this affair, together with the more minute details of it, which are contained in the Appendix, and illustrated with plans, and comparing them with the statements of the French Bulletins, it is, we think, quite obvious that the victory *on that day* was with the Russians: and although a variety of unfortunate circumstances concurred in rendering it impossible for General Benningsen to take advantage of his success, yet we entirely agree in the opinion expressed by Sir Robert of the consequences of the battle, and which we lay before the reader in his own words:

'The result of this affair made a very favourable impression for the character of General Benningsen, and on the Russians. It was the first check which Buonaparte had experienced on the continent, a charm was broken, and the French army foresaw that their future combats would be no longer chases of pleasure. The Russian Generals resumed confidence. The stain of Austerlitz was effaced from their escutcheons, and the soldiers recognised themselves as not unworthy of the companions of Suwarrow. It was in vain that Buonaparte denied the victory. It was in vain that he boasted the trophy of some cannon which the Russians had abandoned, in consequence of the state of the roads, on their subsequent march: he could not deceive the army. He was not able even to rally his interrupted operations, so as to pursue the offensive, until he had possessed himself of what yet remained of Prussia; and thus, if he could not render the battle equivocal in history, diminish the mischievous consequences of its loss. It was in vain that he announced the entire destruction of the Russian army, and his consequent return to Warsaw, and here to repose until he chose to renew the campaign. His march had been arrested, all his enterprizes discomfited, and he had scarcely proclaimed that he

had repelled the Russians eighty leagues, when the same Russians re-appeared in the field, to assure him with terrible evidence of their existence.'

After this battle, the French army went into winter quarters; but we find that the Russians, 'instead of wandering with the hope of saving themselves behind their frontier, defeated, disgraced, and fugitives, without artillery, means of transport, or baggage, and with the loss of 30,000 men,' as represented in the French Bulletins, undertook what Sir Robert Wilson justly calls, 'a hardy and active movement;' beat up the cantonments of the French left, and having gained various advantages in the field, and relieved the important fortress of Graudentz, compelled Buonaparte to abandon his winter quarters, and assemble his whole forces for offensive operations. In referring to this part of the campaign, we request the attention of our readers to the following circumstance, p. 85.

'In General Bernadotte's baggage (taken at Mohrungen), the money seized in the town of Eibing for his own private use, 10,000 ducats, exclusive of 2500 for his staff, was recovered; and there were found, to a great amount, various pieces of plate, candlesticks, &c. bearing the arms of almost all the States of Germany. The marshal's servant was so ashamed of this plunder, that he would not claim it, when purposely desired to point out his master's property; but as the articles were taken in the marshal's own quarters, and in his trunks, and were in such quantity, they must have been there with his knowledge. There was likewise found an order for the reception of Buonaparte at Warsaw, directing where he was to be hailed with shouts of *Vive l'Empereur*, together with official accounts of actions prepared for publication, and private duplicates with the real facts stated for Buonaparte's own perusal.—General Benningsen has the papers.'

Bernadotte is not the only general in the French service, who has adopted this mode of rendering war a source of profit as well as glory. The baggage of Dupont, when he surrendered to Castanos in Andalusia, after the battle of Baylen, contained abundance of the same ill-gotten wealth.

We fear, indeed, that unless the high situation which the Swedes have lately thought fit to confer upon Bernadotte, should have changed his character and disposition, that nation will soon have cause to execrate his rapacity, and deplore their own imprudence. It is, however, to the latter part of the preceding extract, that we attach the greatest importance; and we are glad that the circumstance is announced in such an authentic shape: it proves undeniably to what a regular and well combined system of artifice Buonaparte had recourse, in order to throw around his actions that dazzling but fictitious lustre, which, having deluded nations almost into a belief of his supernatural powers, has made them accessory to their own destruction. We will take the liberty of producing a later instance of this system. Our readers may, perhaps, recollect, that in the *Moniteur* of November 23, 1810, there appeared a letter, purporting to be written by Massena, and dated Alenquer, November 3d. It is stated to have been brought to Paris by General Foix, and amongst other things it represents Massena as denying the truth of the accounts which he professes to have read in the English newspapers, respecting the condition of his army.

Now, not to observe, that it is next to impossible that General Foix could have marched from Alenquer to Paris, even if he had been altogether free from interruption, within the period in question; we assert, upon no slight grounds, that he actually left the French army on the 7th of October. As to what Massena is made to say about the accounts in the English newspapers, this again is evidently false; for the paragraphs referred to appeared in this country after the receipt of letters from Portugal, of the 14th of October, and consequently no newspaper containing them could have reached the French army by the 3d of November. We think it therefore obvious, that

no letter, bearing that date, conveyed under those circumstances, and containing those passages, was ever received at Paris, and that pure fiction was resorted to, in order to tranquillise the minds of the people, in regard to the state of the army in Portugal. So deeply laid is this plan of deceit, and so essential does it appear to the operations of the French government, that it is extended not merely to the details of military operations, but to every department of literature, which has any (even the most remote) reference to political questions. It is not for us to determine how long these deceptions may continue to produce the consequences which we conceive to flow from them; we nevertheless think it a matter of no small importance, that the imposture should be detected, and the world know that documents, stamped with the authority of Buonaparte himself, are intentionally false and fraudulent. We return to the progress of the campaign.

As soon as it was ascertained that the whole French army was in motion to attack the Russians, General Benningsen felt the necessity of retiring; and after having experienced great difficulties, and no small loss during the retreat, (which appears to have been most ably and gallantly protected by Prince Bragration,) the Russian army took up its position in the rear of Preuss Eylau, and prepared for the conflict which was obviously about to ensue. If it would not greatly exceed our limits, we would gladly present our readers with the whole of Sir Robert's able account of the important events of the 7th and 8th of February; but we must content ourselves with recommending an attentive perusal of it, and with giving the following extract, explanatory of the grounds which determined General Benningsen to retire upon Königsberg:

'About eleven o'clock, (on the night of the 8th, the Russian generals assembled, still on horseback, when General Benning-

sen informed the circle, that he had determined, notwithstanding his success, to fall back upon Königsberg, for he had no bread to give his troops, and their ammunition was expended; but by a position in the neighbourhood of such a city, his army would be certain of every necessary supply, and be assured of the means of re-equipping itself, so to appear again in the field, before the enemy could repair his losses.

'All the Russian Generals entreated General Benningsen to keep the field, and not to render nugatory a victory so dearly bought. They assured him that the enemy was in retreat, that his own army was ready to advance at the moment; and General Knoring and General Tolstoy (the Quarter Master General, and second in command) offered to move forward, and attack whatever troops Buonaparte might have rallied, and thus complete their victory: and at all events they pledged their lives, that if he but remained on his ground, the enemy would retire altogether. General Lestouque also urged the same arguments; but General Benningsen thought it his duty not to incur the hazard of a reinforcement of fresh troops, enabling the enemy to cut off his communications with Königsberg. He found the privations of his army pressing heavily upon their physical powers. He knew his own loss was not less than 20,000 men, and he was not then aware of the full extent of the enemy's disorganization and loss, which was afterwards found to exceed 40,000 men, including 10,000 who had quitted their colours, under pretence of escorting wounded, &c. he therefore persevered in his original determination, directed the order of his march, and after thirty-six hours passed on horseback, without any food, and being almost exhausted, placed himself in a house, filled with hundreds of dead and dying, to obtain an hour's repose.'

The retreat of the army was unmolested; nor was it till two days after the battle that the French advanced in pursuit: their forward movements, however, were attended with very bad success, and the author mentions a variety of serious affairs of cavalry, in which the enemy suffered considerable loss, and which are altogether sunk in the French Bulletins, or very slightly noticed. In the mean time Buonaparte tried the effect of a proposition for an armistice with Prussia, which the King had the courage

and magnanimity to refuse; and finally, on the 19th of February, the whole French army retired (not without much molestation and loss) into their cantonments in front of the Vistula.

The battle of Eylau was one of the most sanguinary and desperate that has occurred in modern times; and was attended by consequences which materially affected the relative situation of the two armies. It appears by an intercepted dispatch, addressed to Bernadotte, which fell into the hands of General Benningsen at the end of January, that when Buonaparte broke up his first winter quarters, his object was to cut off the Russian army from their frontiers. The accidental knowledge of this intention, rendered the project abortive, at least in its full extent; but Buonaparte felt the necessity of driving back the Russians beyond the Pregel, and of obtaining possession of Königsberg, to be so strong, that he pressed the Russian army with considerable vigour: and so confident was the expectation of securing Königsberg, and the supplies of all sorts which were collected in that town, that Berthier wrote to the Empress Josephine, on the 7th of February:

'We shall be at Königsberg to-morrow:' and he adds—'Since leaving winter quarters we have made about 10,000 prisoners, taken twenty-seven pieces of cannon, and killed and wounded a great number, without taking into account the advantages which must result from the whole, and ultimately prove fatal to the enemy.'

These objects, however, were frustrated by the battle of Eylau, which nevertheless Buonaparte represented as a decisive victory on his part.

'He gains the victory,' says Sir Robert Wilson, 'according to his own account; but what are the results of this most sanguinary battle? What are the advantages that he obtains?—The maintenance of his position in the field, and the occupation on the succeeding day of the Russian ground; a state of inaction for eight days, except with his cavalry, which is disgraced and defeated with heavy loss in every rencontre; the retreat of his army on the tenth

day, after having endured the greatest distress from famine and pestilence, and the abandonment of a great part of his wounded, tumbrils, &c.'

We consider these facts as abundantly sufficient to show that the French had not much to boast of at Eylau; and nothing can be more contemptible than the mode by which Buonaparte attempted in a subsequent bulletin, to account for not having taken possession of Königsberg. 'It was fortunate,' he says, 'for that town, that it did not come within the plan of the French Generals to drive the Russians from the position which they occupied in its neighbourhood.' This statement our readers will observe, is directly at variance with the letter of Berthier, to which we have already referred. Sir Robert informs us,

'That the corps of the French army were (upon returning into winter quarters) extremely weak, and that in addition to the casualties of the field, sickness was so prevalent, that in Warsaw alone, there were 25,000 men in the hospitals, and that the French cavalry were entirely unfit for active service. To repair these losses, Buonaparte raised the siege of Colberg, nearly evacuated Silesia, ordered under the severest penalties, a new levy in Switzerland; marched troops from Dalmatia, Calabria, Italy, and the very invalids of Paris, to recruit his army in Poland: and in a message to the Senate, dated Osterode, March the 10th, demanded a new Conscription of the year 1808.'

In the interim the main bodies of the respective armies continued inactive in their cantonments; but Buonaparte, feeling the vast importance of obtaining Dantzic, and thus securing the line of the Vistula, determined to press the siege of that fortress; the investment of which, we find by one of the bulletins, was completed on the 14th of March. Many interesting events occurred during the siege, and different attempts were made, but without success, to relieve the place. The last was on the 18th of May, when an English vessel of twenty-two guns, endeavoured to force her way up the Vistula, in order to introduce a supply of pow-

der into the garrison. This attempt however failed, like the rest, and

'Dantzic,' says Sir Robert Wilson, 'was reduced to the last extremity; General Kalkreuth had protracted the defence to a most extraordinary length (fifty-two days open trenches.) He had done all that ability and loyalty could effect; he had applied, he had exhausted every resource, and could entertain no hope of succour. Therefore as the enemy were preparing to storm the Hacklesberg, he proposed to capitulate, if allowed to retire with his garrison and arms, on condition of not serving, without being regularly exchanged, for one year, against France or her allies.'

The garrison had originally consisted of 16,000 men; besides two Russian battalions, and some Cosaques: it had suffered, however, severe losses during the siege, and when, on the 27th of May, it marched out for Königsberg, did not exceed 9000 men.

As the war was concluded within a very few days after the fall of Dantzic, we will finish our sketch with the principal events of the campaign, before we enter upon the considerations which press upon our minds in tracing the progress of this important contest.

'On the third of June, notwithstanding the surrender of Dantzic had disengaged 30,000 of the enemy's troops; notwithstanding the Russian means had not been subsequently augmented, General Benningsen proposed a plan of operations, by which he hoped to cut off Marshal Ney; and, if successful, to fall on Marshal D'Avoust, at Allenstein. Circumstances retarded the march until the 5th; when the Prussians, 10,000 strong, and the Russians 75,000 strong, (exclusive of 17,000 under General Tolstoy on the Narew) immediately under the command of General Benningsen, opened the campaign against an enemy, who could oppose to that force 130,000 men, and who had re-collected between the Vistula and the Memel, by the most vigorous exertions that Buonaparte had ever occasion to make (exertions unparalleled in the history of Europe) 190,000 men, including the garrison of Dantzic, whilst his cavalry had been reinstated, almost renewed, by considerable remounts drawn from Silesia, and the country about Elbing.'

The first operations of the Russians, being directed principally against the single corps of Marshal Ney, were attended with some success, and the enemy was driven back from his advanced position with considerable loss. On the 8th of June, 'in consequence of some information from prisoners, General Benningsen determined to fall back with his army upon Heilsberg, leaving Prince Bragration to cover the retreat of his left, and General Platow the right. The conduct of these two officers during this arduous operation was highly meritorious; for although Prince Bragration had only 1500 cavalry, and 5000 infantry, and General Platow only 2000 Cossagues, and a regiment of Hussars, they not only succeeded in protecting the retiring army from insult, but upon different occasions resumed the offensive with great vigour and effect.

'On the 10th, the French, being now concentrated, (except the corps of Victor, which was manœuvring on the left,) and composed of the corps of Marshals Ney, Lasnes, D'Avoust, Mortier, Oudinot's division, the Imperial Guard, the Cavalry under Murat, advanced upon Heilsberg, and drove in the advanced posts of the troops stationed to observe their approach.'

This movement was followed by a most desperate and bloody action, in which the Russians maintained their position; their loss however was very severe; and General Benningsen, conceiving in the course of the ensuing day, that the enemy were marching upon Königsberg, detached General Kaminskoy with 9000 men, to support General Lestoque, in his defence of that place, and moved himself in the night of the 11th of June, across the Aller, in order to march upon Wehlau, and maintain the line of the Pregel. On the 13th, in the evening, the army reached Friedland, from whence a body of French hussars had in the morning been driven by the Russian cavalry. On the following day was fought the battle of Friedland, which

decided the campaign, and terminated the war. The circumstances which led to this fatal action are explained in the following passage:

'From the information of the prisoners, General Benningsen believed that Oudinot's corps, so shattered at Heilsberg, was alone stationed at Posthenen, about three miles in front of Friedland, on the road to Königsberg. Having occupied the town, and thrown forward some cannon to cover it from insult during the night, he determined, at four o'clock in the morning, to fall upon Oudinot with a division and complete his extinction; accordingly he ordered a division to cross the Aller, and advance to the attack. The enemy at first showed but a very small force, which encouraged perseverance in the enterprize; but by degrees resistance so increased, that another division was ordered to cross the Aller, and in addition to the town bridge, the construction of three pontoon bridges was directed. A heavy cannonade soon commenced, the enemy's tirailleurs advanced, columns presented themselves, cavalry formed on the Russian right flank, and General Benningsen, instead of a rencontre with a crippled division, found himself seriously engaged, not only with Oudinot, but with the two supporting corps of Lasnes and Mortier, sustained by a division of dragoons under General Grouchy, and by the cuirassiers of General Nansouty, while his own feeble force was lodged in a position which was untenable: from which, progress could not be made against an equal force, nor retreat be effected without great hazard, and when no military object could be attained for the interests and reputation of the Russian army, whose courage had been sufficiently established, without tilting for fame as adventurers who have nothing to lose and every thing to win.'

Without entering into a description of the battle itself, it is easy to anticipate the consequences which were likely to ensue from engaging under circumstances such as we have just stated: the Russian army was totally defeated—but as an army it was not disgraced, and we have peculiar pleasure in quoting in this place the language of Lord Hutchinson, who appears from a passage of his dispatches, to have done ample justice to their extraordinary valour; a valour,

‘Which he wants terms sufficiently strong to describe, and which would have rendered their success undoubted, if courage could alone ensure victory: but whatever may be the event, the officers and men of the Russian army have done their duty in the noblest manner, and are justly entitled to the praise and admiration of every person who was witness of their conduct.’

We have before remarked on the conduct of General Lestoue and the Prussians: but during no period of the two campaigns did that General display more talents than in the management of his retreat upon Königsberg, when the advance of the French army in the beginning of June separated him from the main body of the Russians, and in his subsequent movements to join General Benningsen on the right bank of the Memel. In this situation of affairs, the Emperor Alexander was in an unhappy moment induced to enter into negotiations for peace:

‘Thus,’ says Sir Robert Wilson, ‘terminated the campaign and the war: a war in which Russia, with the feeble numerical aid of Prussia and the partial aid of Sweden, had been opposed not only to France, but to Switzerland, Italy, Saxony, the Confederation of the Rhine, part of Poland, and even Spain (for the advance of the Spanish troops into the north of Germany, enabled Mortier’s corps to join the grand army) a combination of force of which the Russians might have said, as the Great Frederick when enumerating his enemies, I do not know that there will be any shame for me in being defeated, but I am sure there could be no great glory for them in defeating me.’

Even against such a powerful combination, the resistance of Russia was of so decided and energetic a character, that during the progress of the war Buonaparte had been induced, upon more occasions than one, to solicit peace, and in order to recruit his shattered forces for the opening of the campaign of 1807, compelled, (as we have before had occasion to observe) to draw reinforcements from every quarter of his dominions. We believe, indeed, that he admitted himself, to the Emperor of Russia, at Tilsitz, that the

passage of the Vistula, and carrying of the war to the frontiers of Russia, in the inhospitable climate of a Polish winter, was ‘une bêtise:’ and that his loss, since he first crossed that river, was not less than 119,000 men.

With all our admiration, however, of the courage of those who caused so destructive a loss to the French army in the short period of six months, we cannot conceal from ourselves the conviction that great errors were committed by the Russian General. Sir Robert Wilson has with equal propriety and delicacy abstained from pointing them out; but in fact the mere perusal of his narrative is sufficient to make them intelligible. It is obvious, in the first place, that time was unnecessarily lost, and the Russian army exposed to the most imminent hazard, when after the affair of Mohrungen, at the end of January, General Benningsen, upon the concentration of the French, determined not to retire at once from that place, but making a flank movement by his left to Yankowo, there to await the issue of a general action. The position which was there taken up, appears to have been an extremely unfavourable one, and he was compelled with a greatly inferior force to retreat in the presence of the enemy, whose superiority enabled him not only to press the main body of the Russian army with vigour, but to manœuvre upon their right, and nearly to cut off their communication with General Lestoue.

The ground chosen for battle at Eylau appears also to have been exposed to great disadvantages, as we find that ‘the French position domineered it so completely, as to expose the minutest object to their fire:’ and it is afterwards stated, ‘that the French cannon replied with vigour and effect, as every man in the Russian army was exposed from head to heel.’ With regard to General Benningsen’s determination to retreat after the battle, we do not presume to give an opinion, as the propriety of

the course to be adopted under such circumstances, must depend upon a variety of considerations, into which we cannot feel ourselves competent to enter. We are, moreover, extremely unwilling to follow the example of many persons in this country, who deriving all their knowledge of military matters from the ignorant comments of ignorant scribblers, condemn every officer as incapable, whose mode of conducting the difficult and complicated operations of war, does not exactly accord with their own extravagant and presumptuous notions. But although we would hesitate on points of a doubtful nature, yet we cannot but be sensible, that there are errors sufficiently obvious, even to those who have no practical knowledge of military affairs. Among these we reckon the determination of the Russian General to open the campaign in June 1807, with a force so extremely inferior to that of his antagonist; whereas, it is manifest, that, situated as he was, with the knowledge that an effort was about to be made by England; and that *possibly* such an effort *might have been* powerfully seconded from other quarters, delay ought to have regulated every movement, and that above all things a general engagement was to be avoided. Unfortunately these considerations did not operate upon his mind; and he not only assumed the offensive when he should have retired, but suffered himself to be drawn into a general action, in a position where success was hardly possible, and where defeat was destruction: one circumstance indeed occurred at Friedland, which would scarcely be credible if it were not communicated by so unimpeachable a witness as Sir Robert Wilson: we mean the total ignorance in which the Russian Generals seem to have been of the fords by which the defeated army crossed the Aller, the accidental discovery of which saved them from annihilation.

It affords a convincing proof of the

lamentable deficiency of their staff, and, combined with the other events of that fatal day, renders it quite painful to peruse the description of it: 'Never,' we may say with our author, 'was resolution more heroic, or patience more exemplary than that displayed by the Russians—Never was a sacrifice of such courage more to be deplored.' We do indeed deeply deplore the sacrifice, and the train of calamitous consequences which resulted from it, to England and to the world. But has England nothing wherewith to reproach herself? Has she no 'compunctious visitings of nature,' for the cold and timid policy which locked up her treasure and her strength, at a moment when a liberal application of them might perhaps have turned the scale, and saved the falling fortunes of the continent?

Without entering into a more detailed view of these questions, and above all, without referring invidiously to those who conducted the administration of this country, we have little hesitation in saying, that the timely interference of England might, and perhaps would, have produced the most decisive and fortunate results. We should have thought it wise for England to stretch out her arm to an ally whose fidelity and resolution were so nobly displayed throughout the war, till disappointment and distrust alienated her affections, and threw her in a moment of defeat and despondency into the arms of France. Indeed a general system of opposition to that ambitious and restless power, is not more accordant with our safety than our interest. The *active* resistance, which has been partially attempted by one administration, and abandoned by another, must become the fixed principle both of the government and of the people. Thus only can our independence be secured—thus only can the exalted rank which nature intended us to hold among the nations of the earth be gained, and permanently established.

Sir Robert Wilson claims indulgence from the public, 'on account of the motives which led him to present his work to their notice, and he trusts that he may disarm the hostility of contemporary writers by the modesty of his literary pretensions.' The public, we are confident, will grant the indulgence, and if we may judge from our own feelings, will peruse it with interest and gratification: and it is because we decidedly approve the manly tone and spirit in which it is written, and the general substance of its contents, that we venture to suggest to the author, that its value would not have been diminished if the construction had been somewhat more grammatical, and the style less

rhetorical and ornamented. There are indeed some passages so involved in their arrangement, that it requires more pains than ordinary readers can be expected to bestow, to discover their real import. Those to whom it may be agreeable to find fault, may animadvert upon them more at large, we shall content ourselves with merely noticing the fact; and if, after the discussion of the great questions which are involved in the subject of this work, we were to descend to more trifling considerations, we would add, that it is so unnecessarily expensive, as to check that circulation, to which, on many accounts, it is entitled.

FROM THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW.

The History of Mauritius and the neighbouring Islands, &c. &c. By Charles Grant, Viscount de Vaux. 4to. pp. 571. London. G. and W. Nicol.

THE unfortunate result of the gallant attack by the four frigates under the orders of Captain Pym, gave to the enemy, for a few days, the naval ascendancy in the seas contiguous to the Isle of France. In the first moments of dismay, this event was considered to be fatal to our meditated expedition, the armament prepared for this purpose being actually on its passage from India. As soon, however, as the gloom began to disperse, exertions were made at the Cape of Good Hope, and at the neighbouring Isle of Bourbon, to dispute the superiority of the enemy, which were probably never surpassed. Four ships in the East India Company's service were speedily manned and equipped for the purpose: but the gallant Rowley, whose conduct appears above all praise, had already accomplished this object. By the capture of the French commodore's ship, *La Venus*, and the recapture of the *Africaine* and *Ceylon*, the command of those seas was again

our own; and from that instant the success of the expedition could no longer be doubtful. The result has deprived the enemy of his last colony, and of the only means of annoying our extensive and valuable commerce in the Indian seas.

With a view of communicating to our readers a concise, but comprehensive, sketch of the probable advantages to be expected from this acquisition, we had recourse to the volume now before us, as being the largest, and, we believe, the latest work which professes to describe those islands, if we except a small pamphlet by 'An Officer of the Expedition against Bourbon.' We knew, indeed, that the Viscount's book contained the greater part of all that had been written or published on the Isle of France, within the last century, together with other matters which had little or no connection with the History of Mauritius.' We knew, too, that it was made up from the

'sailing directions,' the 'remarks,' the 'observations,' and the 'descriptions' of navigators and hydrographers from D'Après de Maniville to Alexander Dalrymple; but we were not prepared to meet with so many agreeable biographical digressions as we actually found there. We have the 'Life' of M. de la Bourdonnas, 'An account of the Greville family,' the 'Life of D'Après de Maniville,' of M. l'Abbé de la Caille, M. le Gentil, Royal Academician, Count de Lally, and, strange as it may appear, of Hyder Ally Khan; from whom we are transported back to that distinguished barbarian Timur Beg. The reader will wonder how the Viscount contrived to bring these scraps of biography into a 'History of the Mauritius,' but his surprize will cease when he opens this huge quarto, and finds it 'a mighty maze' resembling the variegated patchwork of some industrious lady; with this difference however, that, in the latter, the coloured remnants are disposed on something like system, whereas the patchwork before us is thrown together at random. We verily believe that of the 571 pages of this closely printed volume, there are scarcely 50 which can be ascribed to the editor, and even these perhaps might have been omitted without much injury to the book. The following *morceau* of natural history, which we conscientiously believe to be original, will enable our readers to judge for themselves:

'The scorpion, which has very long claws, increases its shell every year. Its old claws become useless, and it forms new ones. It may be asked, what it has done with the old ones? In the same manner the porcelaine has a thick mouth which is formed in such a way that it cannot augment its revolutions on itself, if it does not succeed in destroying the obstacles to its opening. It is not improbable, that these animals possess a liquor capable of dissolving the walls of the roof, which they wish to enlarge, and if this dissolvent exists, it might be employed for the stone in the bladder, and to destroy those glu-

tinous humours, which resemble the *prima materia* of shells.' P. 62.

We have nothing farther to offer on the Viscount's book than our frank avowal that it bids defiance to the analytic art, and is beyond the power of criticism: we shall proceed therefore to give a summary account of our newly acquired possessions, endeavouring to point out in what way, and to what extent, they are likely to become subservient to the commercial and political interests of the British empire.

The first discovery of the Isles of France and Bourbon appears to have been made by Don Pedro Mascaregnas, a Spanish navigator, in the year 1505; to the former of them he gave the name of Cerné, and on the latter conferred his own. At that time they are represented as being uninhabited by man, and even destitute of every species of quadruped. After this period, the two islands were occasionally visited by Spaniards and Portuguese; but it does not appear that any attempt was made by either nation to form establishments upon them. They served merely as points to touch at for refreshing their crews and replenishing their stock of water. In the year 1598. the Dutch admiral Van Neck landed on Cerné, and, finding it unoccupied, thought fit to confer on it the name of Mauritius, in honour of the Prince of Orange.

In August 1601, the Dutch navigator Hermansen put into Mauritius for water. The boat was absent nearly a month, and, on her return, brought off a Frenchman who had been discovered on the island. The account he gave of himself was, That he had embarked in London on an English vessel bound to the East Indies; that she was lost near Malacca, where all the crew died except himself, four Englishmen, and two negroes; that these seven people seized an Indian junk, with the intent of returning to England; that the negroes, after failing in an attempt to get possession of the vessel, threw themselves

into the sea; that she was driven upon the coast of Mauritius, whence the English put to sea again to continue the voyage, but that he, the Frenchman, was resolved to remain there, rather than encounter new hardships; that he had been nearly two years without the sight of a human creature, and that his sole sustenance was the fruit of the date palm and the flesh of turtles. His bodily strength, it seems, had not failed him, but his understanding was considerably impaired. His clothes had gradually fallen to pieces, and he was found in a state approaching to nakedness.

From this period the Dutch were in the practice of calling at Mauritius for water and turtles; but it was not until the year 1644 that they began to think of making a regular establishment upon it. Whatever that establishment might have been, it is certain that it failed of success; for, towards the end of the century, they abandoned the island altogether.

In the mean time, M. de Flacourt, a director of the French East India Company, who had proceeded on a mission to the Island of Madagascar, passed from thence to Mascaregnas, and, finding it unoccupied, formed a settlement upon it in the year 1657, and gave it the name of Bourbon. From Bourbon a few families went to Mauritius, which the Dutch had abandoned, and in 1712 established themselves on the island, changing its name to that of the Isle of France. The neighbouring island of Bourbon, in the heat of revolutionary frenzy, was named, we know not why, Re-union, which, in the servility of adulation, was afterwards sunk in that of *Buonaparte*; at the same time Port Louis, the capital of the Isle of France, was dignified with the name of Port Napoleon. It is to be hoped, however, that we shall not sanction these names of modern prostitution.

The Isle of France, situated to the eastward of Madagascar, between the 20th and 21st degree of southern latitude, and about 58° 30' of eastern

longitude, is, according to the measurement of the Abbé de la Caille, about 35 miles in length and 23 in breadth. It can scarcely be called a mountainous island, though there are some considerable ranges on the northern and eastern coasts. The chain which encircles the town of Port Louis is considered as the highest; one of the peaked rocks of which bearing a fancied resemblance to the figure of a woman, is estimated at somewhat more than 3000 feet. On the southern, western, and central parts of the island are plains of considerable extent. The greater part of the island was once, and the mountainous and rising grounds are still, covered with wood, among which are several kinds of timber of good quality; but, where the approaches to the forest were not difficult, the trees have been so wantonly destroyed, that at present very little remains. Streams of water, but few of them perpetual, rush from the highlands in every direction. The soil is not generally rich. It consists mostly of a brown volcanic rock of argillaceous lava, abounding with iron, which easily crumbles into mould. The shores of the island are girt with reefs of coral rock, in some parts of which, especially at the mouths of the rivers, are intricate passages for small vessels.

In no place is a sandy beach to be found; the margin of little bays or coves are covered with the calcareous fragments of those extraordinary submarine fabricks, supposed to be the work of worms.

The only town in the island is Port Louis, situated in a narrow valley at the head of the harbour of the same name, on the northwestern coast. From the range of broken mountains behind it, a copious rill of water flows through the middle of the town. The houses are principally constructed of wood, only a single story in height. In the skirts of the town are the government storehouses, and the military parade: the naval arsenal, we believe, is complete in

all the requisite buildings; but as the tide does not rise above three feet, there are no docks for repairing ships. The port, however, affords every convenience for careening.

On the opposite coast of the island there is another and a more spacious harbour, called Port South East. The Dutch made this their principal port. Being on the windward side of the island, its entrance is easier than that of Port Louis, and from the free circulation of the air, it is a much healthier situation, but as the wind almost perpetually blows into it, the difficulty for ships to get out, counterbalances the advantage of the facility with which they enter. It is supposed, however, that by blowing up a few rocks, a northern passage might be opened, which would remedy the inconvenience.

No data have yet been made public, on which any correct estimate can be formed of the population of the island. The Viscount de Vaux states it, (on his own authority apparently,) in 1779, to consist of 65,000, of which 10,000 were whites and mulattoes, and 55,000 slaves. We have reason to believe that the number is nearly double. Port Louis alone is supposed to contain 30,000 inhabitants.

The colonists of the isles of France and Bourbon are distinguished for simplicity of manners and hospitality. Here, as every where else, the ladies (far the gayest part of the population) are fond of displaying their figure in dancing. They are in general well made, of good features, in possession of a tolerable share of wit and vivacity, and have more taste than might be expected in so remote and secluded a colony. They marry at an early age, and are remarkable for attention to their domestic duties, and for attachment to their husbands and children. 'Both men and women,' says Admiral Kempenfelt, 'are strong and well made: they breathe a wholesome air, are in continual exercise, and are distinguished for their moderation and

temperance. The women are remarkable for the beauty and elegance of their shape, in which they surpass those of old France.'

The climate is moderate, and on the whole, so delightful, that we have little doubt the Isle of France will speedily become the Montpellier of the East, to which the invalids of Hindostan will repair for the restoration of health. We can scarcely venture to pronounce this an advantage to the colonists, unless the making of money cheap, and every thing else dear, may be so considered. According to M. Perron, the greatest heat, excepting on particular occasions, does not rise beyond 82° of Fahrenheit, and the least descends not below 64°. The general range of the mercury, from May and November, when the S. E. trade blows, is from 66 to 72°; and, during the rest of the year, when the winds are variable from the N. W. to N. E. from 66 to 78°. The hurricanes, which seldom fail to take place about once in five years, are commonly in the month of December.

The products of the island, as may be supposed, from its favourable position, are very various. Almost every species of fruit, grain, &c. might be raised, and, in fact, almost every valuable plant has had its trial. The cinnamon, pepper, cocoa, tea plant, and the *cactus cochinellifera* have indeed failed; but sugar, coffee, cloves, manioc, cotton, and indigo may now be reckoned as the staple commodities of the island. The native trees, shrubs, creepers, and herbaceous plants, are equally numerous and elegant. The inhabitants sow but little grain; two thirds at least of this article being drawn from the neighbouring isle. They have few cattle, and depend chiefly for what beef they consume on Madagascar; but they have no want of pigs and poultry. The sea supplies them with various kinds of fish, and the rocks on the coast with crabs, lobsters, and oysters.

The Isle of Bourbon is about 100

miles W.S.W. of the Isle of France. It is nearly circular, without a bay or indent on its coast. It rises gradually, from every side, to a high peaked point, near the centre, which is volcanic, and almost perpetually emitting either flame or smoke. Its altitude has been estimated at 9000 feet above the level of the sea. There are two towns in this island, St. Dennis and St. Paul, the former of which is the principal, being the residence of the Governor, the Supreme Council, and the other public functionaries. Not only is the soil of this island more fertile than that of the Isle of France, but the colonists have a better system of cultivation, and the produce is more abundant. The quantity of grain may be much increased; the plantations of cotton, which is here of a superior quality, may also be extended. The coffee is excellent, being reckoned little inferior to that of Moka.

The population of Bourbon, according to Viscount de Vaux, is stated (but on no better authority, we presume, than before) at 56,000, of which 8000 are whites and mulattoes, and 48,000 slaves. In the pamphlet by 'An Officer of the Expedition' its population is said to consist of 90,346, of which 16,400 are whites and creoles, 3,496 free blacks, and 70,450 slaves. In the same book, the total value of the agricultural produce of Bourbon is estimated at 1,430,800 dollars, and the public revenue at 230,000.

The island of Rodriguez should not be forgotten. Situated to windward of the other two, it was, with great judgment, first taken possession of by Colonel Keating, as the outwork to the others. It is about 18 miles long, by six broad, abounds with wood for fuel, and has a plentiful supply of excellent water. There are two good roadsteads for shipping; one on the north, and the other on the south. The climate is delightful; myriads of land turtles are found on it: sea turtles are also abundant on the coast. Three families only inha-

bited the island. The Viscount gives us (p. 103.) the history of a M. Le Guat, one of its first settlers. This person was one of the refugee protestants of France, who went from Holland with a view of taking refuge on the isle of Bourbon; finding it, on their arrival, in the possession of the French, they landed on Rodriguez. This little narrative, which is given in the adventurer's own words, is, in our opinion, much the best part of the book; and is, indeed, interesting and amusing in a very high degree.

Among the number of our acquisitions must also be included the group, or archipelago, of small islands, situated to the northward, called the Amiranté, Mahé, or Sechelles islands, the principal of which is the Great Sechelles, containing about 600 inhabitants. It abounds with wood and water, and possesses an excellent harbour. Another of these islands, called Praslan, has also a good harbour. They must all now cease to be what they have been, the resort of marauders, and the receptacles of French plunder and slaves from Mozambique, Madagascar, and the Comoro islands.

We now proceed to inquire in what manner, and to what extent, our recent conquests are likely to prove advantageous. In the first place, then, we do not conceive that any immediate benefit to the commercial world will result from the addition of the isles of France and Bourbon to the number of our colonies. As colonial territories merely, we should consider them as of no great importance. With all possible economy, the retention of them must add something to the national expenses. Coffee, cotton, and sugar we cannot be said to want; and these are their principal products. The colonists have little, at present, to give in exchange for the few manufactures of Great Britain and India, which they consume. Except the petty traffic carried on with Americans, consisting chiefly in exchanges of provisions for hard money and lumber, their trade

was confined to the coasts of Madagascar, the Comoro islands, and the Arab settlements on the eastern coast of Africa. This trade consisted in the barter of prize goods, spirits, fire arms, and ammunition, for black cattle, rice, gold dust, elephants' teeth, and slaves. Such was the legitimate commerce of these islands; but of late, a number of small piratical privateers, fitted out by speculative adventurers, infested the channel of Mozambique, plundered the defenceless settlements of the Arabs and Portuguese, and made prize of every embarkation unable to resist them. Having thus worked themselves into a full cargo, they stood to the northward of Zanzibar, crossed to the Mahé islands, and, remaining there till the hurricane season approached, and our squadron was, in consequence, withdrawn, they slipped into Port Louis.

The Americans, we should have added, were likewise the purchasers, or the carriers, of the numerous and valuable cargoes captured from the East India Company.

It is obvious that some of those resources have ceased; but the legal trade will rapidly extend itself to every part of the great island of Madagascar, the Comoro islands, the whole range of the eastern coast of Africa, and thence along the shores of Arabia to the mouth of the Euphrates.

Casting our eyes to the eastward, we may observe how very favourably situated the Isle of France is as a central point of communication with those innumerable islands which constitute the great Asiatic archipelago, from the Phillipines on the north, to Van Dieman's Land on the south, containing a population, probably, not inferior to that of the whole of Hindostan.

The intercourse with those islands has been hitherto carried on by the Dutch, the Americans, the Malays, and the Chinese. They are without the scope of the East India Company's trade, but, unfortunately, not

considered as without the range of its charter.

We feel confident, however, that the time is not far distant, (and the fall of the French islands must hasten the event,) when that bar will be removed which, though closed against British subjects, has unaccountably been open to all the world besides. We pretend not to draw the precise line where exclusion and toleration should meet, but we may be permitted to question the policy of allowing a free and uninterrupted trade in the Indian seas to the Americans, while a British vessel is not permitted to double the Cape of Good Hope! Surely, under the difficulties with which British commerce now labours, it is not too much to hope, that these parts of the East with which the India Company have no immediate intercourse, may be thrown open to the private trader. The plea of a want of capital to embark in Indian commerce, which has been sometimes alleged in justification of the interdiction, appears to us utterly inconclusive, in the present case, judging, as we do, from the example of the Americans. We speak from authority, when we say, that more than 300 of their ships touched at the Isle of France alone, in the course of the year previous to the embargo.

It was a favourite project of the French, before the Revolution, to make the Isle of France, not only the grand entrepôt of their commerce in the East—another Tyre, surpassing the ancient mart in wealth and magnificence—but also to render it the bulwark of all their settlements in Asia, the cradle of future conquests. To them, indeed, it was of infinite importance; but to us, who hold the Cape and Ceylon, it cannot be considered as equally valuable. It will be found, however, particularly useful on account of its safe and commodious harbour, and its abundance of refreshments. The commanding situation of the island not only opens a wide field for commercial enterprize,

but holds out considerable encouragement for the extension of that important branch of commerce and navigation, the whale fishery; both the black and the spermaceti whale abounding in those seas.

If, then, no immediate advantage to the commerce of this country may be expected from the possession of those islands, yet we have no hesitation in affirming, they must, eventually, lead to great public benefit, unless, indeed, the intercourse with them shall continue to be cramped by the East India Company.

But the importance of the conquest is not, in our minds, to be measured merely by the balance of profit and loss in the merchant's ledger, or by the amount of the custom house receipts. It is important to the interests of humanity that these colonies should be wrested from France. By this event an immediate and total stop must be put to that part of the slave trade which was carried on from those islands. No plea can now exist for the continuance of that odious traffic, either with Madagascar or any part of the eastern coast of Africa, not included within the narrow limits of the Portuguese settlements. Even there it ought, and we venture to prophecy, very speedily will cease. The sovereign of these wretched remnants of former splendour has pledged himself, by a solemn treaty, to put an end to this trade throughout the whole of his dominions, merely reserving to his subjects the right of purchasing slaves within the African possessions of the crown of Portugal. Now as these possessions have reference chiefly to the western settlements, and as Portuguese subjects are not permitted to carry on the trade without the limits of their own territories, the result must be a gradual abandonment by the slave dealers of those miserable spots which they now occupy, and where they feebly drag on a life of perpetual dread, amidst privations and dangers of every kind. We are the more

inclined to hope this, as the Portuguese vessels which carried off slaves were very few in comparison with Americans, French, Arabs, and, sorry are we to add, English. The Portuguese were the collectors and wholesale dealers; the others were the carriers. If, however, any of the former are now caught trading *without* their settlements, or of the latter *within* them, they will become equally seizable by our cruizers.

The great and populous island of Madagascar will feel immediate benefit from our conquest. The unhappy natives of this island have long been cursed with the restless and unceasing activity of that description of Frenchmen recently known by the name of Commercial Agents, not less than forty of whom were dispersed round the coast, to encourage war among the natives, as the most fertile source of a supply of slaves: and as the whole island, large as it is, was unable to satisfy their demands, the natives of the north-west coast of Madagascar have, for many years, been in the practice of fitting out formidable expeditions, consisting sometimes of three hundred large boats, and from ten to twelve thousand men, against the peaceful inhabitants of the Comoro Islands, for the purpose of carrying them off and selling them to the French. By these predatory invasions the beautiful Island of Johanna, of which we have so interesting a description from the pen of Sir William Jones, has nearly been depopulated.

The whole, indeed, of eastern Africa must equally participate in the benefits that will result from the capture of the Isles of France and Bourbon. The natives on the coast will find an inducement for the cultivation of a soil extremely fertile, under a climate favourable to the growth of every description of grain and fruit; and those of the interior will, as in ancient times, flock to the ports with gold dust, elephants' teeth, and such other marketable articles as their

country produces. On this side of Africa, there is the most encouraging prospect for bettering the condition of the natives, who, from all accounts, appear to be deserving of a better fate than has fallen to their lot. The least civilized, as far as discoveries have been pushed, are the Koussi, or Kaffers, bordering on the colony of the Cape of Good Hope; yet these people live in considerable societies, and in a state of subordination to their rulers. Private property is respected, and they are remarkable for their gentle disposition and hospitality to strangers. Beyond these are the Boshuanas, next the Barraloos, of the same race with the Koussi, but advanced beyond them in civilization: they reside in towns, containing from five to fifteen thousand souls. Their lands are in a state of cultivation. They have granaries for the preservation of their produce; and vast herds of cattle; nor are they unacquainted with some of the arts of civilized life. There is also great reason to believe that the farther we proceed to the north, the more enlightened are the natives, the more populous is the country, and the more productive the soil. This we learn from the few notices which have been received from the late Dr. Cowan, who, while he proceeded towards the north, found the inhabitants of so good and benevolent a disposition, that had he fortunately continued his journey in that direction, there is no reason to suppose that he might not have pushed his discoveries to the banks of the Niger, or to the sources of the Nile. But turning off to the eastward, along a branch of the Zambezé, with a view of reaching Soffala, he had the misfortune, as we stated in a former number, to fall into the hands of traffickers in human flesh, and from that moment no further intelligence has been received from him or from any of his unfortunate companions.

While in a moral commercial point of view, an intercourse with the interior of Africa from the east is a de-

sirable object, such an event would, at the same time, tend to the enlargement of the sphere of human knowledge. The pernicious effects of the slave trade on the minds of the natives, added to the extreme jealousy of the Portuguese, have prevented our acquaintance with the interior. The Portuguese it is true, formerly navigated the Zambezé for some hundred miles up the country, but the little which they have thought fit to communicate, through the most authentic historian of their conquests and discoveries, tends rather to excite than to gratify curiosity. We are told by De Barros that near the gold mines of Soffala, are some very ancient stone buildings, bearing several inscriptions equally unintelligible to the Moorish merchants and to the Portuguese. It is not probable, therefore, that they were erected by those Arabs who are known to have settled on this part of the coast before the commencement of the Christian era. Nor can they be considered as the works of the Chinese Colonists, who, according to Marmot, formed a settlement at Soffala: the strength and solidity of the buildings being very different from the light and airy houses inhabited by their countrymen. It is still a question, indeed, whether the Chinese, at any period, traded so far down the coast of Africa. It is not easy to conceive how a nation whose dwellings are their ships and boats, should cease to have ships and boats; yet it is very certain that Vasca de Gama did not observe a single embarkation of any kind, from the bay of Saldanha to the mouth of the Zambezé. A parallel has been drawn by a modern traveller between the Chinese and the Hottentots; and the resemblance is sufficiently remarkable; he observes too that the latter have not a single canoe for fishing, nor a raft to cross a river.

Looking at the isles of France and Bourbon in a political point of view, an immediate and most important advantage presents itself. The valua-

ble trade of the East India Company, and of the private merchants in India is now exempt from those ruinous losses by capture to which they have been exposed since the commencement of the war. Not a single port is left open to the enemy throughout the Indian seas; the inner, the middle, and the outer passages from the Cape are now equally safe. Before the capture, no force on our part was equal to protect so wide an expanse of ocean. The squadron employed in these seas will now be greatly reduced. It appears from Steele's list, that the force actually employed on the Cape and Indian stations amounted to six sail of the line, two of fifty guns, thirty-two frigates, and six sloops; the expense of which cannot, in those seas, be estimated so low as 1,500,000*l.* a year. Supposing one half of this force to be withdrawn, and we doubt not that more than one half will be so, an immediate and positive saving will be effected of 700,000*l.* a year. But the most material saving is that which will be effected in the expense of human life, by withdrawing so large a proportion of our seamen from an unhealthy climate. This consideration alone is worth all the cost of the expedition.

The revenues of the islands, from an increased trade and influx of shipping, will probably more than defray the civil establishment; and we conceive that a small military garrison will be sufficient for the protection of the two islands, whose security appears to us to depend rather on a naval than a military force.

It is the Cape which must be considered as the great military depôt; and the Isle of France, with its commodious harbour, as the general naval establishment for repairing and refitting the squadron employed on the Cape station. The military works for the protection of Port Louis being all that are necessary to be kept up, and being already, as we understand, complete, the talents of an engineer cannot be required, and the expendi-

ture of that department, which seldom knows any bounds, may be altogether spared.

But, for other reasons than that of expense, it may be politic neither to extend, nor indeed to keep in repair, the military works on the island. When the great question of peace comes to be agitated, if such an event can be looked to during the life of the present ruler of France, we may be assured that the restoration of the two islands will be made a *sine qua non*. This consideration will undoubtedly have its due effect on the minds of those who may have to negotiate, and they will not, we are well assured, fail to exact an equivalent in some other quarter in which our interests and our wishes are equally concerned, for a sacrifice to which the enemy attaches so decided an importance.

Looking forward to such an event, we should be inclined to say, pull down rather than build up; demolish rather than repair; encourage agriculture and commerce, and contribute by every possible means to the comfort and prosperity of the inhabitants; but repress the expenditure of British capital on the permanent property of the island, and, above all, on military works, which may one day be turned against us.

The Cape of Good Hope is the colony on which British capital may be laid out to individual and national advantage. Why this delightful region has been so totally neglected since it came into our possession; why a tract of country equal to the immediate subsistence of ten thousand families, and eventually to ten times that number, is suffered to remain a waste, is a mystery in political economy which we do not pretend to unravel. This grand outwork of India cannot by any possibility be ceded at a peace. To whom indeed should it be ceded? Obtained by conquest from a power that no longer exists, whose very name is blotted out of the map of Europe, we should as soon yield

up one of our ports as listen to a proposal for surrendering this important colony. Here unquestionably should be established our great military depôt, where the climate is favourable for the soldier, and where his subsistence can be afforded at a cheaper rate than in any other part of the world.

We have stated that the Isle of France was considered as highly important for the commerce, &c. of the enemy. It was, in fact, the only source from which he could draw a small supply of colonial produce. To his marine it was of more consequence than would at first appear. It was the only place to which his frigates could run. The safe return of any one of them was a great feat; an escape was hailed as a triumph; the officers and crews, now become sailors, were distributed among their line-of-battle ships, to instruct the amphibious and sea-sick officers and landsmen, who had been so long pent up in port. By the capture of the islands we have cut off this little nursery for training sea officers, and narrowed the means of raising seamen. Napoleon may build 'ships' till his ports and harbours are choaked with them; he must have 'colonies and commerce' before they will be of much use to him; they are machines that will neither fight nor sail of their own accord, nor can they ever be fought or moved by landsmen. Our obvious policy, therefore, is to prevent him, which we can easily do, from making seamen.

The Isle of France was the spot in which was hatched and nurtured the spirit of disaffection and revolt among the Mahrattas and other powers of Hindostan. It furnished

a ready and never-failing supply of adventurers in search of military fortune. It supplied arms and ammunition, and officers to teach the use of them, to the disaffected in Persia, through those ready instruments, the commercial agents, stationed at Muscat and Bussorah. All assistance and co-operation from this quarter with any of the powers of India is completely cut off; and so commanding is our situation in those seas, that were we, by any unforeseen event, compelled to abandon the Peninsula of India, we verily believe that no power on earth would hold it to any advantage, or in any state of tranquillity, while the Cape of Good Hope, the Mauritius, and Ceylon remained in our possession. This last magnificent island, possessing harbours in which the whole navy of England might lie in perfect security, might become, by proper culture, the granary of the Indian empire. To England it should be considered as the brightest jewel in the Indian diadem. It is the spot on which, in case of misfortune, our army will find a safe retreat, and from which alone we could hope to regain a footing on the continent.—In short, it is the key of India. Here should be our grand establishment. Our empire is insular; and while we confine ourselves to islands we are secure.

Having thus concisely pointed out the several views under which the conquest of the French islands may be regarded, we have only farther to observe, that no event of equal importance to the state of the war, has, in our opinion, taken place, since the memorable and unparalleled victory of Trafalgar.

FROM THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE, AND LONDON REVIEW.

A Tour in Quest of Genealogy, through several parts of Wales, Somersetshire, and Wiltshire, in a Series of Letters to a Friend in Dublin; interspersed with a Description of Stourhead and Stonehenge. Together with various Anecdotes, and curious Fragments from a MS. Collection ascribed to Shakespeare. By a Barrister. 8vo. 12s. Illustrated by Eight Views.

FROM the dedication to the Hon. Matthew Fortescue, we learn, that the author of these letters, which are addressed to Charles O'Brien, Esq. having quitted the country, the Editor, Mr. H. Jones, set about the task of preparing them for the press; and certainly, no one would undertake the office with greater propriety, Mr. Jones having been the Tourist's companion in the route described.

The letters are written in an easy and pleasant style, and exhibit a strong mind, and vivid imagination. But the most original part of the volume (at least, that which, perhaps, will first attract curiosity from the title-page) is the Shaksperian MSS.; a suspicious article, our readers well know.

It seems, that in October, 1807, our author purchased these at an auction in Carmarthen;—but we may as well let him speak for himself, p. 29.

“On our return from the morning's ramble, I was tempted to enter an auction-room, where, amongst other articles, books were selling, in the Catalogue, said to have belonged to a person lately dead, who had left, as I was informed, very little more to pay for his lodgings, which he had occupied for three months only. He was a stranger, had something eccentric and mysterious about him, passed off for an Irishman, but was suspected to have been one from North Wales. I bought two or three printed books, and one manuscript quarto volume, neatly written, importing to be verses and letters that passed between Shakespeare and Anna Hatheway, whom he married, as well as

letters to and from him and others, with a curious journal of Shakespeare, an account of many of his plays, and memoirs of his life by himself, &c. By the account at the beginning, it appears to have been copied from an old manuscript in the hand-writing of Mrs. Shakespeare, which was so damaged when discovered at a house of a gentleman in Wales, whose ancestor had married one of the Hatheways, that, to rescue it from oblivion, a process was made use of, by which the original was sacrificed to the transcript. Bound up with it is another manuscript tract, written in an antiquated but fair hand, though on paper much discoloured and damaged, a collection of old Prophecies, translated from the ancient British language, supposed all to relate to Wales, with a note prefixed, importing that they were translated during a voyage to Guinea, by a Welchman on board Sir Walter Raleigh's ship, and written with a pen made out of the quill of an eagle, from a finely illuminated vellum book, said to have come from the abbey of Strata Florida, and in the possession of a relation to the last abbot, then on board the same ship. This small tract appears to have been interleaved by the last, or some very late possessor, as a vehicle for notes *variorum* on several of the prophecies, which appear to be unravelled with considerable ingenuity, and a strong spice of satire: with an account how and when the notes, evidently very modern, were obtained. The style of the original has something very turgid and oracular

in it. I bought it for half-a-crown ; and persuading myself that it may be what it professes, I am very proud of the acquisition. Some of the poetry is very striking, though full of odd conceits, yet much in the manner of our great dramatist. His Journal, recording, like most diaries, the most trifling events, carries you back to the days of Queen Bess, and you are brought acquainted with things that history never informs you of. I know by this description I make your mouth water. Perhaps I may treat you with a specimen of this curious farrago before I invite you to feast upon it."

After this, we hear no more about our author's new purchase, till p. 187, where he says,

"Among the fragments ascribed to Shakespeare, I have been much struck with several of the little poetical pieces, full of quaint and brilliant conceits, and smacking strongly of the great dramatist's playful manner. But the most interesting portion of it consists of letters that passed between him, Sir Christopher Hatton, Sir Philip Sidney, Lord Southampton, Richard Sadlier, Henry Cuffe, &c. : part of a journal, like most journals, carried on for a month together, then suspended during a period of four or five years ; and memoirs of his own time, written by himself. Some of the items are uncommonly curious, as they give you not only the costume of the age he lived in, but let you into his private and domestic life, and the rudiments of his vast conception. As the volume professing itself to be a transcript of an old manuscript collection found in a state of such decay as to render it necessary, on account of a curious process made use of, to sacrifice the original to the copy, is prefaced with a short history of its discovery, and the proofs of its authenticity ; I believe I shall, if ever I succeed in my *Hwlfordd* adventure, and have leisure to arrange it, publish the whole ; yet in the meantime I

will not so far tantalize you as not to treat you with a specimen of this curious farrago, but shall tack on to this letter a small sample of the prose and verse.

" *With a Ringe in Forme of a Serpient, a Gift to his Belovyd Anna, from W. S.*

"Withinn this goulden circlette's space,
Thie yvorie fingers form'd to clippe,
How manie tender vows have place,
Seal'd att the altaur on mie lippe.

"Then as thie finger it shall presse,
O ! bee its magicke not confined,
And let this sacred hoope noe lesse
Have force thie faithfull hart to binde

"Nor though the serpent's forme it beare,
Embleme mie fond conceipt to sute,
Dread thou a foe in ambushe theare
To tempt thee to forbidden frute.

"The frute that Hymen in our reche
By Heven's first commaund hath placed,
Holy love, without a breche
Of anie law, maie pluck and taste :

"Repeted taste—and yett the joye
Of such a taste will neaver cloie,
So that oure appetits wee bringe
Withinn the cumpass of this ringe.

"A letter, inscribed 'To Mistress Judith Hatheway, with mie hartie Commendations.'

"GOOD COZEN JUDITH,

"I am out of necessitie to enact the part of secretarie to my wife, or shee would have payed her owne dett ; for in trying to save a little robin from the tiger jawe of puss, her foote slipped, and her righte waiste therebie putt out of joynte, which hath bin soe paynfull as to bring on a feaver, and has left her dellicat frame verie weake and feeble ; wherefore I have takin her a countrie loging, in a howse adjoyning the paddock of Sir Waulter Rawleigh, at Iselinton, where that great man, shut in, often regales himself with a pipe of his new plant called tibacca, in a morning, whilst the whole world is too narrowe for his thought, whiche I hear helpeth it mucche, and may be said for a trueth to enable him to

drawe light from smoke. In an evnyng he sumtymes condesends to fumigate my rurale arboure withe it, and betweene evrie blast makes newe discovries, and contrives newe settelmentes in mie lyttle globe. Mie Romeo and Juliett, partlie a child of yours, for in its cradle you had the fondlyng of it, is nowe out of leding strynges, and newlie launched into the world, and will shortlie kiss your faire hand. I think mie Nurse must remynd you of ould Debborah, at Charlecot; I owne shee was mie moddel; and in mie Apotticary you will discover ould Gastrell, neere the churche at Stratford; but to make amendes for borrowing him for mie scene, I have got him sevrall preserved serpents, stuffed byrds, and other rare foraign productions, from the late circumnavigators.

"Thankes for the brawne, which younge Ben, who suppd last nighte with us, commended hugelie, his stomach proving he did not flater, and drank the helth of the provyder in a cupp of strong Stratford.

"You are a good soule for moistning mie mulberrie-tree this scorching wether, the which you maye remembre that I planted when last with you, rather too late, after the cuckow had sung on Anna's birth-daie, and I hope you maye live to gether berries from it, but not continew unweddid till then.

"Have you gott my littel sonnett on planting it? for if you have not, it is lost, like a thousand other scraps of mie pen. And soe poor Burton, my ould schoolmaster, is gone to that 'bourne from which noe travaller returns:' I fancy I still see him, when every Munday morning, as was constantlie his custome, he gave a newe pointe to his sprygges of byrch, growen blunted in the service of the forgone week; a practise felt throw the whole schoole, from *top* to *bottom* You maie soone look to hear from your crippled kins-

woman, whose limm is much restored by Sir Christopher Hatton's poul-tise; soe fare ye well, and lett us live in your remembraunce, as you assuredlie doe in that of your sincere and lovyng Cozen,

"WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

"*From my Loginge at Iselinton, June 12mo, 155..*"

To the foregoing we shall add a few other of these Shakspearean dainties, omitting the extracts from Shakspeare's Journal; in which, however, we find, that in those days "the flea, this little chartered lybertine, as impudently runs his capers in the Queen's Majestie's ruffe, as Mistress Shakspeare's."

"*Out of Shakspeare's own Memoirs, by Himself.*"

"Having an earnest desier to lerne forraine tonges, it was mie goode happ to have in mie fathere's howse an Ittalian, one Girolamo Albergi, tho he went bye the name of Francesco Manzini, a dier of woole; but he was not what he wished to passe for; he had the breeding of a gentleman, and was a righte sounde scholar. It was he tought me the littel Ittalian I know, and rubbid up my Lattin; we redd Bandello's Novells together, from the which I getherid some dellicious flowres to stick in mie dramattick poseys. He was newew to Battisto Tibaldi, who made a translacion of the Greek poete, Homar, into Ittalian, he showed me a copy of it givin him by hys kinsman, Ercole Tibaldi.

"He tould me his uncle's witt was neaver so brylliaunt, and he neaver compoasid soe well, as when he was officiatyng att the shryne of one of the foulest of all the Roman deities, and had left a large vollume of reflexiones whilst employed after this sorte, intituled, *Pensieri digeriti*.

"Altho he trusted me with much, yet he smothered some secrettes whoose blazin was not to be to eares of fleshe and bloud, that dyed withe him.

"His whole story known mee-thinkes would have bin a riche tyssew for the Muses. By an Ittalian stansa tyed rownd withe a knott of awborn hayer found hanging att hys brest, hys misfortun, and thatt mysterie he studyed to throwe over it, was oweing to an earlie passion for a fayer mayden of Mantua, which urgid him to kill his rival in a duell.

"His knolege of dying woolle was nott that he was broughte upp to the trade, butt from his being deepe in all kinds of alkymy, wherewith he was wont to say he could produse gould owt of baser metalles, butt he would not increse the miseryes of mankynd. What would yong Benn have gyven to have knowne hym?"

"To the belovyd of the Muses and Mee.

"Sweete swanne of Avon, thou whoose art Can mould at will the human hart, Can drawe from all who reade or heare, The unresisted smile and teare :

"By thee a vyllege maiden found, No eare had I for measured sounde ; To dresse the fleese that Willie wrought Was all I knewe, was all I saught.

"At thie softe lure too quicke I flewe, Enamor'd of thie songe I grewe ; The distaffe soone was layd aside, And all mie woork thie straynes supply'd.

"Thou gavest at first th'inchanting quill, And everie kiss convay'd thie skill ; Unfelt, ye maides, ye cannot tell The wondrous force of suche a spell.

"Nor marvell if thie breath tranfuse A charme replete with everie muse ; They cluster rounde thie lippes, and thine Distill theire sweetes improv'd on myne.

"ANNA HATHEWAY."

*"To the Peerlesse ANNA, the Mag-
nette of mie Affectionnes.*

"Not that mie native fieldes I leve,
Swelles in myne eie the scaulding teare,
Or biddes with sighes mye bosom heave ;
*A wyse man's cuntrye's everie wheare :

"Not that I thus am rudelye torne†
Farre from the muses' haunte I love,
With manlie mynde this might be borne,
Else where the muse might friendlie
proove ;

"But, ah ! with thine mie vitall thredde
So close is twysted, that to parte
From thee, or e'er the bridal beddet
Was scarcelye tastid, breakes mie harte.

"Oh ! would the fatall syster's steele
Be streched to cutt her worke inn
twayne,

Wythelde whiche destynes me to feele
That lyfe thus lengthen'd is butt payne.

"But yett a whyle her sheares be stayde,
For dieing I would fayne reclyne
On Anna's brest, and theare be layde
Wheare Anna's duste mote wedde withe
myne."

The reader of this volume may promise himself much amusement and useful information, without fear of disappointment.

"* In a letter from Milton to Peter Heimbach, as quoted in that valuable accession to the biography of this country, the *Life of Milton*, by Doctor Symmons, I remember an expression, echoed, as it were, from the great dramatist :

'Patria est, ubicunque est.'

"† This seems to have been written on his quitting the country in consequence of his juvenile adventure with a party of deer-stealers, as the little poem which follows in the collection from Anna clearly settles.

"‡ By this it appears that Shakespeare had but just been married when the deer-stealing frolic took place ; a circumstance to which, in all probability, we owe the noblest compositions of human genius.

FROM THE LONDON LITERARY PANORAMA.

Travels in the South of Spain, in Letters written A. D. 1809 and 1810. By William Jacob, Esq. M. P. F. R. S. Pp. 224. Pr. 3*l*. 3*s*. Johnson & Co. London. 1811.

SO closely do the representations by this traveller of the state of the country he has visited, agree with those which from time to time have appeared in the Panorama, that it might almost be inferred that our pages had been graced with communications from Mr. Jacob's pen, as the observations occurred to his mind. There is scarcely any opinion that he ventures to discuss, but what has already been adverted to by us; and were it necessary to justify the correctness of our statements, we have only to appeal to the volume before us, for that purpose. We predicted a *long* struggle on the part of the Spanish nation against their insidious foes, although treachery had given to those intruders a decisive and incalculable advantage. We complained of the want of union and combination in the nation, *as a nation*; notwithstanding the losses in the *detail massacre* by townships to which the French are exposed, and from which they suffer beyond calculation. We dreaded the partition of power into many hands, when it ought to be concentrated into few; and in fact, for the time being, when it ought to be lodged in a dictator. We regretted that no such predominant spirit, no blazing star had hitherto risen above the political horizon, nor fascinated into *real* patriotism, self-devotion, and *obedience*, the mass of those who by extraordinary events were called to exercise official power. We lamented that while the bulk of the people were hearty in the cause of their country, those of the superior classes, who ought to be their exemplars, were drawn aside by prejudices, were blinded by ignorance, were deluded by false dependencies, or were so enfeebled by supineness, that

they felt but very indistinctly the stimulus of that honour which they continued to claim as due to their stations, while they omitted to justify that claim in the face of their country, which had granted it for purposes of the utmost political consequence. In all these, and in many other points, Mr. Jacob's volume completely supports our statements. This gentleman, however, has seen a *part* of Spain only. His excursion extends from Cadiz to Gibraltar, to Malaga, and to Granada. On the interior of the kingdom he offers no intelligence; and the northern provinces he does not so much as mention. We notice this, because had he been acquainted, even with Madrid only, he would have qualified certain expressions employed in estimating the virtues and the vices which enter into the Spanish character: he would not have spoken generally of some things of which he was witness, but as it were in one division of the country and people.

Mr. Jacob visited Spain at an interesting moment, shortly after the surrender of Dupont's army to the Spaniards; and he was in that country during the residence of the Marquis Wellesley as ambassador from his Britannic Majesty;—during the operations of the British army, which ended with the victory of Talavera;—and during the irruption of the French through the passes of the Sierra Morena, their advance to Seville, and the narrow escape of Cadiz from capture, by the well laid plot and characteristic activity of that corrupted and corrupting people;—including, as all the world believes, the criminal connivance, or treasonable culpability of the representatives of the nation then

assembled, professedly, to save their country. From this dire disgrace, and from the loss of (apparently) the last hope of Spain, Spain was delivered by the judgment, activity, and *disobedience* of the duke of Albuquerque. Our own nation has witnessed the return made to that nobleman for his service: instead of being placed in a chief command of those troops which had applauded his skill and decision, he was honourably exiled to an embassy, where military talents were not necessary, and where insult from home was so severely felt by his ardent mind, as to deprive him of his understanding and life.

The origin and causes of the continuance of those interfering powers which bid fair to ruin the cause of Spain, are stated by our traveller with clearness, and, we believe, with accuracy. It is true, that much is due, by way of allowance to the opinions and the measures of persons suddenly called from the privacies of life, to discharge the delicate offices of sovereign power. The most rational, considerate, and sensible counsellors will not, under such circumstances, be the most forward, nor the most boisterous in enforcing their opinions: they will give advice coolly and cautiously; they will, therefore, usually be foiled. The pert will prevail against the prudent. Intrigue will be active, while integrity is lost in astonishment; personal favouritism will banish national freedom; loyalty will be silenced by the sneers and insinuations of licentiousness; and the cause of Spanish liberty, with that of the deliverance of Europe, and of the world, will be sacrificed—to what? to mutual suspicion and want of confidence, too well justified by a knowledge of reciprocal pusillanimity, indifference, waywardness, and corruption—by the lukewarmness, awkwardness, and ignorance—not of the Spanish people, but of the Spanish chiefs.

Those who can contemplate this state of things without regret, or

who can withhold a tear from the weakness of our common nature, we envy not. While we censure, we commiserate: while we condemn, it is not without appeal. The means that have been in the power of the Spanish leaders to command, have been less than the world believes: their authority has been exposed to collisions not to be fairly estimated by strangers: but, above all, they have not really possessed that commanding confidence in their nation, in themselves, and in their cause, which circumstances demanded to ensure success: they have trod uncertainly, as if they feared to sink in unsettled ground; not with energy, as if conscious that it was their own weight only which caused the earth to tremble. The unhappy Don Solano, governour of Cadiz, is a specimen of a great part of the Spanish gentry: Mr. J. says, “no man in Spain more severely regretted the state of degradation to which the government of his country was reduced,”—but, “he had no confidence in the spirit of his countrymen, nor any conception that Spain contained men with energy sufficient to throw off the French yoke, or exhibit *that DETERMINED character* which was discovered at Baylen, Saragossa, and Gerona.” “The chiefs communicated to Solano, in full confidence of his co-operation, all their secret, and as yet undigested projects. Solano, with the caution and coolness of an experienced and wary man, doubted if the plans of the leaders were sufficiently matured to afford a prospect of success, or *the energy of the people sufficiently roused to second their views.*” Had he contributed to rouse that energy, and put himself at the head of his countrymen, what might not his confidence have done?—His despair cost him his life, and multiplied the calamities of his country, till they are now interminable.

Mr. J. gives a specimen of the *movements* of the Spanish government, in the state of their manufac-

tory for musquets: what other branch of service might not have afforded a similar specimen?

Nothing can show in a stronger light the indolence and want of combination among the Spaniards, than the state of the manufactory for musquets in this city. The government can raise as many men for the army as it desires, and very little food is requisite to subsist them; but musquets are absolutely necessary, and the demand for them is considerable; for like most raw levies, the troops when defeated, are too apt to ensure their safety by throwing away their arms. This, in spite of the great assistance derived from England, has occasioned their present scarcity, and the establishment of manufactories of this important article has been, in consequence, most strenuously and frequently urged as indispensable; but it is now more than *fourteen months since the commencement of the manufactory, and not a single musquet has yet been produced. They are erecting a handsome building, when plenty of others might have been appropriated to the purpose; and the time lost in the new building would have enabled them to finish, and send to their armies, thousands of arms for the men enlisted and ready to use them.*

They have in this place a large train of artillery, mostly brass battering twenty-four pounders, and they are the most beautiful I have ever seen. These, in the present state of Spain, are of little use; but of field ordnance, of which they particularly stand in need, there is a great scarcity.

Are the Spaniards drones, then? not as individuals. Mr. J. shall describe them:

The agility of the Spaniards in leaping, climbing, and walking, has been a constant subject of admiration to our party. We have frequently known a man on foot start from a town with us, who were well mounted, and continue his journey with such rapidity, as to reach the end of the stage before us, and announce our arrival with officious civility. A servant likewise, whom we hired at Malaga, has kept pace with us on foot ever since; and though not more than seventeen years of age, he seems incapable of being fatigued by walking. I have heard the agility of the Spanish peasants, and their power of enduring fatigue, attributed to a custom, which, though it may probably have nothing to do with the cause, deserves noticing from its singularity. A young peasant never sleeps on a bed till he is married; before that event he rests on the

floor in his clothes, which he never takes off but for purposes of cleanliness: and during the greater part of the year, it is a matter of indifference whether he sleep under a roof or in the open air.

I have remarked that though the Spaniards rise very early, they generally keep late hours, and seem most lively and alert at midnight: this may be attributed to the heat of the weather during the day, and to the custom of sleeping after their meal at noon, which is so general that the towns and villages appear quite deserted from one till four o'clock. The labours of the artificer, and the attention of the shopkeeper are suspended during those hours; and the doors and windows of the latter are as closely shut as at night, or on a holyday.

Though the Spanish peasantry treat every man they meet with politeness, they expect an equal return of civility, and to pass them with the usual expression, "Vaya usted con Dios," or saluting them without bestowing on them the title of Cabaleros, would be risking an insult from people who, though civil and even polite, are not a little jealous of their claims to reciprocal attentions. I have been informed, that most of the domestic virtues are strongly felt, and practised by the peasantry; and that a degree of parental, filial, and fraternal affection is observed among them, which is exceeded in no other country. I have already said sufficient of their religion; it is a subject on which they feel the greatest pride. To suspect them of heresy, or of being descended from a Moor or a Jew, would be the most unpardonable of all offences; but their laxity with respect to matrimonial fidelity, it must be acknowledged, is a stain upon their character; which, though common, appears wholly irreconcilable with the general morality of the Spanish character. They are usually fair and honourable in their dealings; and a foreigner is less subject to imposition in Spain, than in any other country I have visited.

Their generosity is great, as far as their means extend; and many of our countrymen have experienced it in rather a singular way. I have been told, that, after the Revolution, when Englishmen first began to travel in the Peninsula, many who had remained a few days at an inn, on asking for their bill, at their departure, learnt, to their great surprize, that some of the inhabitants, with friendly officiousness, had paid their reckoning, and forbidden the host to communicate to his guests, the persons to whose civility they were indebted. I knew one party myself

to whom this occurred at Malaga: they were hurt at the circumstance, and strenuously urged the host to take the amount of their bill, and give it to the person who had discharged it; but he resolutely refused, and protested he was ignorant of those who paid this compliment to Englishmen. It was common, if our countrymen went to a coffee-house or an ice-house, to discover, when they rose to depart, that their refreshment had been *paid for* by some one who had disappeared, and with whom they had not even exchanged a word. I am aware that these circumstances may be attributed to the warm feelings towards our country, which were then excited by universal enthusiasm; but they are, nevertheless, the offspring of minds naturally generous and noble.

I should be glad, if I could, with justice, give as favourable a picture of the higher orders of society in this country; but, perhaps, when we consider their wretched education, and their early habits of indolence and dissipation, we ought not to wonder at the state of contempt and degradation to which they are now reduced. I am not speaking the language of prejudice, but the result of the observations I have made, in which every accurate observer among our countrymen, has concurred with me in saying, that the figures and the countenances of the higher orders are much inferior to those of the peasants, as their moral qualities are in the view I have given of them.

Mr. J. has alluded to religion: as the practical part of religious profession is open to all observers, and marks the influence of *mind*; and as much of the fervour accompanying the present resistance of Spain to French oppression is maintained by the religious orders, we shall insert a part of our author's reflections on the subject:

The feelings of religion are supported by every object that presents itself to the view: at the corners of most of the principal streets, the shrines of various saints obtrude themselves upon the passenger; even the fronts of many of the houses are adorned with their images, to which the pious stranger uncovers his head with humility, and silently expresses his devotion by making the sign of the cross.

In the midst of the gayeties which commence about five o'clock in the evening, when the Paseo, or public walk, is crowded with company, dressed in their most splendid attire, and indulging in the liveliest conversation, the sound of a bell an-

nounces the approaching hour of sunset. At this signal, which is called *oracion*, every one, as if by magic, seems fixed in his place; every head is uncovered, and the whole company repeats, or is supposed to repeat, a mental prayer: after a few minutes devoted to these formalities, the lively scene is resumed, and the conversation continued from the point at which it met this pious interruption. This ceremony takes place in every part of Spain; and where theatres or other public amusements are open, the sound of this bell suspends the entertainment till the prayer is over; so great is its effect, that it is even said that assassins, at the moment of executing their horrid design, have held their hand at the sound of the *oracion*, and, after repeating the habitual prayer, have perpetrated their diabolical purpose.

However decorous the Spaniards may be in the performance of their public devotions, nothing can be more indecent and slovenly than the manner in which their domestic worship is conducted; a circumstance which I have frequently noticed in the family with whom I lodge. Towards the conclusion of supper, when seated round the table, the master of the house commences with repeating ten Ave Marias; the wife repeats the Pater Noster and her ten Ave Marias; others at table repeat in the same manner, while one of them with a rosary of beads keeps the account, till they have repeated the Ave Marias fifty times, and the Lord's prayer five times, the number being accurately corrected by the string of beads. They then say a litany, adding to the name of every saint of a long list, "*ora pro nobis*;" then a prayer for the dead, another for protection during the night, and conclude the whole with a Gloria Patri. The words are uttered with as much rapidity as possible; and if any employment calls away the person who is repeating, he performs the work without interrupting the prayer or losing any time; in fact, the Spaniards appear to act slowly and deliberately in every thing they undertake, except it be in this one instance of family worship.

Under every strong emotion of mind, a Spaniard has recourse to religion, and naturally crosses himself, to calm the rage of passion, dispel the horrors of fear, and allay the feelings of surprise and astonishment. The solitude of a churchyard, the loneliness of a desert, and the darkness of night, are disarmed of their terrors by this magic sign, and even the exclamations of wonder, excited by English ships of war and English regiments

(and nothing has excited more wonder) can only be silenced by using this never-failing and powerful charm.

With all this attachment to forms and ceremonies, it might naturally be expected, that the clergy would be looked upon as objects of veneration; but so far as I can judge, this is by no means the case. The language held towards the ministers of religion, is not always respectful, and is sometimes scurrilous. A few days ago, the auxiliary bishop of this city made a tour round his diocese, for the purpose of confirmation; from every person confirmed, a small sum of money was required, which was either an increase of the customary fee, or a novel demand. On his return to the city with the money he had thus collected, he was attacked by a banditti, who robbed him not only of his extorted wealth, but also of all the clothes and vestments which he carried in his coach. The knowledge of the story excited the jokes and the merriment of the people, mixed with wishes that the clergy were the only victims of robbers. The character and conduct of the friars is generally the object either of virulent reprobation, or ludicrous jocularities. They have lost the esteem of every one, and instead of being respected for their seclusion from the world, they are reproached by all classes for their indolence, their voluptuousness, and their profligacy; their dispersion is generally looked forward to with pleasing anticipation, as an event that must take place, if ever the people of Spain are assembled by their representatives the Cortes.

But, with whatever sentiments his observations on the religion of the Spaniards might inspire him, our author describes the Inquisition as by no means terrific; he even ventured, heretic though he was, to inspect the "whole" buildings of the Holy Office at Seville. This "whole," however, proves to have been with several exceptions, concerning which "*he could obtain no replies*" to his questions.

Circumstances have changed with regard to the Merino flocks, so entirely since Mr. J. was in Spain, that we cannot now coincide in his opinion that they have suffered little from the French: but we believe his account of the power of instinct in these creatures, when he says,

The shepherds lead the flocks to the pastures in which they fed during the pre-

ceding winter, and in which most of them were brought forth; and such is the sagacity of the animals, that, if not conducted thither, they would of themselves discover it, nor would it be easy for their leaders to guide them to more remote districts.

In the month of April, they begin their route towards the north. The sheep become restless as the time approaches, and must be narrowly watched, lest they should escape the shepherds and enter on their march alone; for instances have frequently occurred of flocks wandering from their guides, and proceeding several leagues towards the north, early in the morning before the shepherds were awake.

What will our commercial readers exclaim when they learn that so few merchant ships had been built in Spain of late years, that it was impossible to carry on even the little trade they had, during the war with England, without employing vessels not of Spanish construction, in direct defiance of law!—In consequence, the government tolerated the transgression, for two years: a remarkable instance of the universal confusion produced in the commercial world, by the disturbance of the political world.

Our author has obtained some useful information on the growth of sugar in Spain, the expenses on which he calculates. The following is the most *direct* ancient description of the process for obtaining *granulated sugar* that we are acquainted with:

It is not generally known, that sugar is one of the productions of Spain, for at least seven hundred years, and that the process of planting the canes, grinding them, and granulating the juice, has been very little, if at all, improved within that time. I am indebted for this fact to an Arabian author on agriculture, who wrote in the kingdom of Seville, about the year 1140 called Ebn Mahomed Ebn Ahmed Ebn el Awaum. In his directions for the mode of planting the sugar cane, he quotes the authority of another author of the same nation, who is known to have written in the year 1073, called Abn Omar Aben Hajaj: as the fact is interesting, I shall translate a few passages on the subject.

"The canes should be planted in the month of March, in a plain sheltered from the east wind, and near to water; they

should be well manured with cow dung, and watered every fourth day, till the shoots are one palm in height, when they should be dug round, manured with the dung of sheep, and watered every eighth day till the month of October. In January, when the canes are ripe, they should be cut into short junks, and crushed in the mill. The juice should be boiled in iron cauldrons, and then left to cool till it becomes clarified; it should then be boiled again, till the fourth part only remain, when it should be put into vases of clay, of a conical form, and placed in the shade to thicken; afterwards the sugar must be drawn from the vases, and left to cool. The canes, after the juice is expressed, are preserved for the horses, who eat them greedily, and become fat by feeding on them."

It is to the honour of our country, that the propositions of an Englishman, and his reasonings on the best mode of assembling the Cortes, were preferred by the most judicious Spa-

niards to those of a native of their own country. This is more pleasing to us as a deference to Britain, than a thousand exclamations of "Viva les Ingleses," and "Moriar Napoleon;" for the same reason we admire, in this land of cork trees, the good sense of the Spaniard who sent to Malaga for corks of English cutting, and wine bottles of English blowing.

The notice taken by Mr. J. of the pictures and buildings he inspected in various convents—of the meteorological effects to which his feelings as well as his sight bore testimony,—of the mineralogical formation of hills and mountains, the situations of many towns on their sides and summits, with other incidents, we must forego. They discover a readiness of mind, and are expressed with perspicuity and ease.

FROM THE BALTIMORE REPERTORY.

CRITICISM—PIKE'S EXPEDITIONS.

An account of expeditions to the sources of the Mississippi, and through the western parts of Louisiana, to the sources of the Arkansaw, Kans, La Platte, and Pierre Juan rivers; performed by order of the government of the United States, during the years 1805, 1806, and 1807; and a tour through the interior parts of New Spain, when conducted through these Provinces, by order of the Captain General, in the year 1807. By major Z. M. Pike. Illustrated by Maps and Charts. Philadelphia; published by Conrad & Co. &c. Fielding Lucas, jr. Baltimore, &c. Octavo pp. 277, with appendices, maps, tables, &c. pp. 204. Price \$3 50 bound.

THESE journies constitute a portion of that plan for the investigation of the different parts of our Western country, which was adopted soon after the acquisition of Louisiana, and which reflects no less lustre upon the wisdom that projected it, than upon the zeal and intrepidity that led to its successful execution. A knowledge of the nature of the country, of the courses and depth of its various streams, of the manners and character of the different Indian

tribes who roam throughout it, though of the very first necessity, could not be accurately obtained from any means of information extant. Some of the boldest rivers of America, and mountains that vie in height with any upon earth, were unknown to the civilized world: and immense tracts of country had never been crossed by any but the savage foot. With the purpose of discovery, therefore, chiefly in view, but at the same time to throw light on

the science and character of the country, about the same time that Messieurs Lewis and Clarke were directed to explore the Missouri, Mr. Pike was employed in the journies of which this work gives a detail. The first two parts relate to these: the third, which gives an interesting account of New Spain, with maps of the different Provinces, comprises the particulars of a journey which made no part of the original plan: but arose from Mr. Pike's having accidentally entered the Spanish territory upon the river Nord; whence he was conducted through a great part of that country on his return home.

This work, therefore, comprises three distinct journies. The first was for the purpose of exploring the sources of the Mississippi, and was commenced from St. Louis, on the 9th of August, 1805: whence Mr. Pike with a guard of twenty soldiers proceeded to the heads of the river, and returned to St. Louis on the 30th of April, 1806. The second journey was commenced on the 15th of July, 1806, for the purpose of exploring the internal parts of Louisiana, with a view to the establishment of a boundary line between Louisiana and North Mexico. Mr. Pike began this journey also from St. Louis, ascending the Missouri and the Osage, in company with twenty-three others, and proceeding thence to the Arkansas and up to its sources. This part of the tour concludes with his arrival at the Rio del Nord in February, 1807. The third part contains a history of his journey thence in the same month, under the conduct of the Spanish officers, who conducted him and his companions to Chihuahua and thence by a circuitous route, by which he approached within about four hundred miles of the city of Mexico, to Natchitoches, where he arrived on the 1st of July, 1807.

These journies are written in the journal form, with copious statistical and geographical appendices, from notes which the writer states were fre-

quently composed by fire-light, when hungry and fatigued, he had ended at night the various labours of the day, which his situation exacted from him. But though a mere journal of occurrences and observations, made often in this unfavourable manner, they present a variety of interesting situations, and engage deeply the attention of the reader. The narration, though simple, bears the original impression of the spot; and carries with it that most desirable of all qualities in a traveller, an innate air of truth. While they interest our feelings in the toils and dangers of Mr. Pike and his companions, they lead us through a variety of country, of people, and of manners; and the narrative thus produces a romantick and interesting effect.

But it is to the geographer and the statesman that Mr. Pike's labours will be invaluable. The Mississippi has been traced to its very sources. Its courses, its tributary streams, its portages, its falls, and its lakes, as well as the rude nations who glide on its bosom, or roam upon its banks, are now, for the first time, known with accuracy. In like manner, that vast country lying between the Missouri, the Mississippi, and the Mexican mountains, with its noble rivers and majestick mountains, has been fully developed. Nor are the accounts and maps of the rivers, towns, population, manners, &c. of the different provinces of New Spain, particularly of those bordering upon Louisiana, less interesting, though beyond our boundaries: more especially in the present situation of the world, when that part of Spanish America so particularly interesting to us, appears to be on the eve, with the rest, of freeing itself from the shackles of foreign domination.

Each of these journies we purpose to notice distinctly. At present we return to that which is first in point of time, the voyage up the Mississippi. Mr. Pike continued his voyage in boats until the 16th of Octo-

ber; when, from the commencement of cold weather, and the increasing shallowness of the water, he was obliged to stop, and prepare to ascend the remainder of the river in a different manner. From this place, after suffering severely from cold, want of provisions, and repeated disappointments, but with unabated vigour, he renewed his march with a portion of men on the 10th of November, in sleds and a canoe: the rest of his guard being left at his encampment. He continued ascending until the last day of January, when the mighty Mississippi, the father of waters, had dwindled into a stream of only fifteen yards in width. (p. 66) The next day, February 1st, our travellers arrived at Lake Leech, where they were hospitably entertained by the agent of the English North West company, who, as Mr. Pike states, were extending their establishments to the North-Sea and the Pacific ocean, while they fixed themselves upon the lakes and streams of the Mississippi, in the territory of Louisiana. Lake Leech (or as it is called by the French, lake *la sang Sue*) which Mr. Pike calls the main source of the Mississippi, he found to be in latitude $47^{\circ}, 16', 13''$. He afterwards visited the upper Red Cedar lake, which he calls the upper source of the Mississippi, reaching about 15 miles N. of the other. This last is the extent of canoe navigation, and is within two leagues of some of the waters of Hudson's Bay! Its latitude is $47^{\circ}, 42', 40''$. It is often a matter of curiosity to be able to designate the exact source of a river, illustrious for its fertility or distinguished for its size and grandeur. The famous source of the Nile has not only excited the enthusiasm of the poet and the enterprize of the traveller, but even potent monarchs have sighed to visit its coy fountains. Yet almost always it is impossible to mark any particular spot as the source in preference to others; and a multitude of small lakes seem to contend with almost equal claims for

the honour of being the fountain-head of the Mississippi.

As the chief purposes of this journey were of a political nature, to wit, to observe the various tribes of Indians near the river, to stop their fierce and bloody wars with each other, and inculcate amongst them the benevolent and pacific views of the American government in respect to them, the accomplishment of these and other objects which occurred, left no room for the investigation of many subjects on which we might have expected some information. But little intelligence is to be found therefore relative to the mineralogy or natural history of the country through which Mr. Pike travelled: a country which will no doubt be found interesting in these points of view, to those whom the zeal of science may lead to its future examination. But though Mr. Pike furnishes little intelligence on these subjects, to which he confesses neither his taste nor his habits attracted him, he was completely successful in the immediate objects of his enterprize. He found various small tribes engaged in predatory and bloody hostility; he commanded peace, and concord and tranquillity were established. The views of their civilized brethren were developed to the suspicious savage, and were proved to be disinterested and just. The disorders and licentiousness, connived at by unprincipled traders, were suppressed: and the intercourse with the tribes was fixed upon a footing, not less honourable and useful to ourselves, than important to the interest and happiness of the Aborigines.

Nor is this journey less interesting to the general reader. It is true that in tours such as these, among tribes of rude and indigent savages, there is no opportunity for that variety of description which pleases the fancy and interests the heart, in the accounts of cultivated society. The traveller cannot picture the busy town, the swarming river, the exuberant harvest field,

the splendid palace, or the statued lawn. Nor can he trace the powers of all subduing art, limiting the boisterous ocean, or levelling mountains and filling vallies for the accommodation of man. But if these subjects fail, there are not wanting others which are calculated in an eminent degree to interest our feelings and awaken our imagination. Nature appears before us in her own bold and gigantic features, not yet tamed or distorted by the wants or caprices of man. Venerable forests which have stood for ages secure from the ax, robing the earth with their annual crop of fertility: rivers of an extent unknown to the limited scale of Europe start up to our view, and present a new navigation, for many miles into the interior: commanding heights, from whose summits the eye discerns the distant champaign till it fades into the clouds of heaven: vast prairies, decorated occasionally with trees, afford pleasure grounds to the wild inhabitants of the forest, and offer, in the autumnal months, a variety of tint and colour, unknown before even to the imagination of the painter. Here the eye of the observer dwells with rapture, and exhausts itself in discerning new objects in the variegated scene. The imagination then looks forward into futurity, and beholds these fields and rivers peopled by civilized man: towns glittering, where now the lonely creek washes the aged trees: cities spreading their populous squares upon the margins of the rivers: nations whose names are not yet thought of, drawing from the fertile bosom of the new world those enjoyments which the over-peopled or exhausted old would have denied to her famished children.

Rude as these tribes are, we often observe among them surprising instances of sensibility and feeling. Nor are they destitute of the tender passions: love, which rules all nature with tyrant sway, finds also in the savage breast, a heart not less suscepti-

ble than the most refined intellect of civilized life. It was thought that ancient Greece alone had her Leucadian rock; and the desperate leap of Sappho had consecrated it in the eyes of all the enthusiasts of love in succeeding generations. Who would have supposed that the rocks of the Mississippi were destined to be its rival: and that the rude breast of the savage should be the habitation of a heart that was to equal the desperate heroism of the Grecian poetess?

"I was shown," says Major Pike, "a point of rocks from which a Sioux woman cast herself, and was dashed into a thousand pieces on the rocks below. She had been informed that her friends intended matching her to a man she despised; and having refused her the man she chosen, she ascended the hill, singing her death song: and before they could overtake her, and obviate her purpose, she took the lover's leap! and ended her troubles with her life. A wonderful display of sentiment in a savage." (p. 22.)

We find in this journal a description of a dance, which is one among the numerous examples that savage nations exhibit, in which it is hard to decide, whether their conduct and belief are the effects of the darkest superstition or of designing knavery.

"I afterwards went to a dance, the performance of which was attended with many curious manœuvres. Men and women danced indiscriminately. They were all dressed in the gayest manner; each had in their hand a small skin of some description, and would frequently run up, point their skin, and give a puff with their breath; when the person blown at, whether man or woman, would fall, and appear to be almost lifeless, or in great agony; but would recover slowly, rise, and join in the dance. This they called their great medicine; or, as I understood the word, dance of religion. The Indians actually believing that they puffed something into each others' bodies, which occasioned the falling, &c. It is not every person who is admitted; persons wishing to join them, must first make valuable presents to the society, to the amount of forty or fifty dollars, give a feast, and then [*they*] are admitted with great ceremony. Mr. Frazer informed me, that he was once in the lodge with some young men who did not

belong to the club, when one of the dancers came in, they immediately threw their blankets over him, and forced him out of the lodge; he laughed, and the young Indians called him a fool, and said, 'he did not know what the dancer might blow into his body.'" (p. 17.)

The following contains satisfactory evidence as to a fact which, though asserted before, might appear doubtful to those who had seen specimens from most Indian tribes: who, whatever they may think of themselves when they have adjusted their beards, their vermilion, their beads, and feathers at their toilette, (of tweezers and bear's grease) would in spite of fashion, be considered by our belles and beaux, as hideously ugly:

"Charlevoix and others, have borne testimony to the beauty of this nation, (the Shawanoes.) From my own observation I had sufficient reason to confirm their information as respected the males; for they were all straight and well made, about the middle size, their complexion generally fair for savages, their teeth good, their eyes large and rather languishing; they have a mild but independent expression of countenance, that charms at first sight; in short, they would be considered any where as handsome men. But their account of the women I never before believed to be correct. In this lodge there were five very handsome women when we arrived, and about sun-down a married pair arrived, who my interpreter observed were the handsomest couple he knew; and in truth they were, the man being about five feet eleven inches high, and possessing in an eminent manner all the beauties of countenance which distinguish his nation. His companion was twenty-two years old; having dark brown eyes, jet hair, and an elegantly proportioned neck, and her figure by no means inclining to corpulency, as they generally are after marriage. Her father however was an American." (p. 83.)

The ideas entertained by the red tribes of the people of the United States, according to Mr. Pike, manifest a sense of our vast superiority, flattering to our pride: although it would seem that prior to Mr. Pike's arrival, the power of the white people had sometimes been exerted to inspire dread rather than to cultivate

the esteem and love of the savages. It gives us pleasure to reflect that Mr. Pike's journey among other benefits, has been calculated to impress more just ideas of the principles of civilized America: and to convert their former fear into sentiments of respectful esteem and cordial gratitude.

"In the course of this day," (September 2d,) says Mr. Pike, "we landed to shoot at pigeons: the moment a gun was fired, some Indians, who were on the shore above, ran down and put off in their pirogues with great precipitation; upon which Mr. Blondeau informed me that the women and children were frightened at the very name of an American boat, and that the men held us in very great respect, conceiving us very quarrelsome, and much for war, and also very brave." (p. 11.)

"13th March, Thursday.—Ascended the mountain which bounds the prairie. On the top of it I found a stone on which the Indians had sharpened their knives, and a war club half finished. From this spot you may extend the eye over vast prairies with hardly any interruption, but clumps of trees, which at a distance appeared like mountains; from two or three of which the smoke rising into the air, denoted the habitation of the wandering savage, and too often marked them out as victims to their enemies, from whose cruelty, I have had the pleasure in the course of the winter, and throughout a wilderness of immense extent to relieve them, as peace has reigned through my mediation from the prairie Des Chiens to the lower River. If a subaltern with but twenty men, at so great a distance from the seat of his government, could effect so important a change in the minds of those savages, what might not a great and independent power effect, if instead of blowing up the flames of discord, they exert their influence in the sacred cause of peace? When I returned to the fort, I found the Fols Avoin chief, who intended to remain all night. He told me that near the conclusion of the revolutionary war, his nation began to look upon him as a warrior; that they received a parole from Michilimackinac, on which he was dispatched with forty warriors; that on his arrival he was requested to lead them against the Americans. To which he replied, 'We have considered you and the Americans as one people. You are now at war; how are we to decide who has justice on their side? Besides, you white

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people are like the leaves on the trees for numbers. Should I march with my forty warriors to the field of battle, they with their chief would be unnoticed in the multitude, and would be swallowed up as the big waters embosom the small rivulets, which discharge themselves into it. No! I will return to my nation, where my countrymen may be of service against our red enemies, and their actions renowned in the dance of our nation.' " (p. 78.)

We find this subject thus noticed in another place :

"On our march, we met an Indian coming into the fort; his countenance expressed no little astonishment, when told who I was and from whence I came; for the people in this country themselves acknowledge that the savages hold in greater veneration the Americans, than any other white people. They say of us, when alluding to warlike achievements, 'that we are neither Frenchmen nor Englishmen, but white Indians.' " (p. 61.)

We shall close this part of our author's journies with the description of his feelings on his arrival at the falls of St. Anthony, on the 10th of April, in his voyage home:

"The appearance of the falls was much more tremendous than when we ascended, the increase of water occasioned the spray to rise much higher, and the mist appeared like clouds. How different my sensations now from what they were when at this place before! At that time, not having accomplished more than half my route, winter fast approaching, war existing between the most savage nations in the course of my route, my provisions greatly diminished, and but a poor prospect of an additional supply; many of my men sick, and the others not a little disheartened, and our success in this arduous undertaking very doubtful; just upon the borders of the haunts of civilized men, about to launch into an unknown wilderness, (for ours was the first canoe that had ever crossed this portage) were sufficient to dispossess my breast of contentment and ease. But now we have accomplished every wish; peace reigns throughout the vast extent; we have returned thus far on our voyage without the loss of a single man, and hope soon to be blessed with the society of our relations and friends." (p. 92.)

Notwithstanding his recent long absence upon the journey to explore the sources of the Mississippi, such

was the ardour of our traveller, that in the course of two months and a half he commenced a second journey, in a new direction, which appeared likely to be even more difficult and laborious than the former. This journey, of which we now propose to give an account, commenced on the 15th of July, 1806, and was intended ultimately to explore the head waters of those two great rivers, the Arkansas and the Red River, of the Mississippi, which, flowing eastwardly from an immense distance in the interior, promised a medium of navigation unrivalled in importance and extent westward. Connected with this great object was the restoration to their homes of some Osage and Pawnee Indians who had been taken prisoners by the Potowatomies, and redeemed by the government of the United States, and were now at St. Louis on their return from the City of Washington: besides which, instructions were given to Mr. Pike to mediate peace between several Indian nations on his route.

The travellers proceeded in boats up the Missouri to the junction of the river Osage, and from thence ascended the Osage to the villages of that nation. This voyage was comparatively easy, and was effected with complete success by the 15th of August: the prisoners being restored to their long lost families and homes, and received with the liveliest testimonies of affection, as well as of gratitude to their deliverers: the red people manifesting that however they may control their feelings at ordinary times, they are as fully sensible to the touches of nature and of affection, on such occasions, as the most refined of civilized society. From this point the journey was to be made on horseback through trackless wastes and unknown mountains and rivers, where the travellers were compelled to depend upon their success in hunting, for the supply of their daily subsistence.

In prosecuting their journey they of course left the direction of the

great rivers, and travelled westwardly along the dividing ridges of the waters of the Osage and the Arkansaw. The first great river which they struck upon in this route was a branch of the Kans river, which from this point runs a north-easterly course till it falls into the Missouri. Among the streams which empty into the Kans, Mr. Pike discovered two that were strongly impregnated with salt; one so remarkably so as to salt sufficiently the soup of meat boiled in it. Their course hence was northerly: and brought them, on the first of October, to the Pawnee village, situated upon the most northern branch of the Kans. Here Mr. Pike discovered, in an interview with the chief, that a Spanish detachment from Mexico had been in pursuit of him, and had proceeded to this place. The Pawnee chief, whose situation subjected him to the influence of the Spaniards, employed every effort of intreaty, artifice and even menace to induce Mr. Pike to abandon his design of reaching the Arkansaw and Red rivers, and to return home: alleging that he had prevailed upon the Spanish detachment to go back from his village without proceeding further. Our traveller had been, however, too long accustomed to the wiles of these chiefs to be seduced, and had too much confidence in the valour of his corps to be terrified from his purpose. He persisted in fulfilling his instructions, and after some altercation and appearance of hostility, took his departure, without resistance, on the 7th of October. From this point our travellers directed their course a little west of south, and after crossing again the branches of the Kans higher up the stream, arrived, on the 18th of October, upon the Arkansaw; very much to their surprize, as they did not suppose that river to be so near.

This great river is stated by Mr. Pike to be two thousand one hundred and seventy-three miles in length, following its windings: of which nineteen hundred and eighty-one miles,

from its entrance into the Mississippi upwards, are navigable with proper boats, in the suitable season: the remaining one hundred and ninety-two miles running through mountains. Several rivers empty into it, navigable for a hundred miles and upwards. At the place where Mr. Pike now struck it, its water was on his first arrival six inches deep, and the stream not more than twenty feet wide: but a rain of two days afterwards overflowed the whole bottom of the river, which at that place was four hundred and fifty yards in width. Strange as it may seem, however, the river at a distance of between two and three hundred miles higher up, where Mr. Pike met this river again, was much more navigable than where first seen. This he accounts for by the circumstance that the sandy soil below absorbs a considerable portion of the water, and renders it more shoal than among the gravelly bed in the mountains. Notwithstanding this, Mr. Pike says, that for any impediment he had yet discovered in this river, he would not hesitate to embark in February at its mouth and ascend to the Mexican mountains, with crafts properly constructed.

"By the route of the Arkansaw and the Red River of California (continues our author) I am confident in asserting, (if my information from Spanish gentlemen is correct) there can be established the best communication on this side the Isthmus of Darien between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans; as, admitting the utmost, the land carriage would not be more than two hundred miles, and the route may be made quite as eligible as our public highways over the Alleghany mountains."

Agreeably to their proposed plan, canoes were here built, and Lieut. Wilkinson with five of the soldiers and two Osages descended the river, to examine the portion below, while Mr. Pike and the remainder of the corps continued their journey north-west up the margin of the Arkansaw, for the purpose of exploring its sources.

Here the appearance of the country

becomes enlivened by the numerous wild animals that feed on the prairies or leap through the thicket. Herds of wild horses were now for the first time seen: sometimes mingling in small troops with various other animals: then collecting in a powerful squadron, and advancing with a force that made the earth tremble, they stood gazing upon the travellers, till finding themselves pursued, they bound away with a rapidity which no exertions could overtake. Buffaloes were observed grazing on the meadows in numbers which it astonishes us to hear of. In one instance not less than three thousand were seen at one view, covering the opposite bank of the river. Besides these were herds of deer, elks, &c. so numerous that our author says, he

"Will not attempt to describe the droves of animals they now saw on their route; suffice it to say, that the face of the prairie was covered with them on each side of the river; their numbers exceeded imagination."

The great multitude of wild animals which collected together about this spot may be accounted for as well from the abundance of grass on the prairies, as the facility of procuring salt, which is well known to be a most desirable gratification to beasts, particularly in the remote parts of the interior, where the air being very fresh and pure compared with that on the coast, excites a keener appetite for this fossil. Hence salt licks and springs in the interior have always been the favourite resort of the wild animals, and are probably often the scene of their bloodiest combats; and the last of the extinct race of Mammoths seems to have been overpowered in some great conflict for salt, in the licks of which its bones have been found.

"We observed," says Mr. Pike, "this day (31st October) a species of crystallization in the road (when the sun was high) in low places where there had been water settled; on tasting it I found it to be salt. This gave in my mind some authenticity to the report of the prairie being covered for

leagues." Again on the 3d November, after mentioning their passing numerous herds of buffaloes, elk, some horses, &c. he says, "the river bottoms were full of salt ponds, and the grass similar to our salt meadows." Further up the river he obtained specimens of rock salt, impregnated with sulphur.

The eyes of the travellers were here greeted with a sight wholly new and unexpected; which resulted in the ascertainment of a very important feature in the geography of North America, that we believe has been hitherto unknown to this portion of the continent.

"On the 15th of November, at two o'clock in the afternoon, I thought I could distinguish a mountain to our right which appeared like a small blue cloud; viewed it with the spy glass, and was still more convinced in my conjecture, yet only communicated it to Doctor Robinson, who was in front with me; but in half an hour, they appeared in full view before us. When our small party arrived on the hill, they with one accord gave three *cheers* to the *Mexican Mountains*. Their appearance can be easily imagined by those who have crossed the Alleghany; but their sides were whiter as if covered with snow, or a white stone. These were a *spur* of the great western chain of mountains, which divide the waters of the Pacific from those of the Atlantic Ocean; and it divided the waters which empty into the bay of the Holy Spirit from those of the Mississippi, as the Alleghany does those which discharge themselves into the latter river and the Atlantic. They appear to present a natural boundary between the province of Louisiana and New Mexico, and would be a defined and natural boundary."

A remarkably high point of this chain of mountains drew the attention of Mr. Pike, and he formed the plan of ascending to its top, for the purpose of taking from that commanding height (which he supposed to be distant one day's march) a draught of the surrounding country. He commenced his enterprize at one o'clock on the 24th of November. His calculation however proved extremely deceptive; for after three days' march they had only arrived on the top of the chain; and here the snow was middle deep, no sign of

beast or bird inhabiting that region; the Thermometer which stood at 9° above 0 at the foot, fell to 4° below 0; while the great peak which was the object of his journey still appeared at the distance of fifteen or sixteen miles, bare of vegetation and covered with snow, as high again as the portion they had ascended: to all appearance beyond the power of any human being to reach its summit. These and other circumstances compelled their return, after having enjoyed, even at the height they had reached, the sublime spectacle which the Alpine regions present, of a clear heaven around, while the rolling of the clouds below appears like the foaming of the troubled ocean.

"The perpendicular height of this mountain," says Mr. Pike (as taken by Dr. Robinson and himself) "from the level of the prairie is 10,581 feet; and admitting that the prairie is 8,000 feet from the level of the sea, it would make the elevation of this peak 18,581 feet; equal to some, and surpassing the calculated height of others, for the peak of Teneriffe, and falling short of that of Chimborazo only 1,701 feet. Indeed it was so remarkable as to be known to all the savage nations for hundreds of miles around, and to be spoken of with admiration by the Spaniards of N. Mexico, and was the boundary of their travels N. W. Indeed in our wandering in the mountains it was never out of sight (except when in a valley) from the 14th of November to the 27th of January."—*Note p. 71.*

A more accurate measurement of the height of Chimborazo by Mr. Humboldt (who ascended it to the height of 19,300 feet, the highest ever reached on land by any human being), makes it 21,440 feet, and of course 2,589 feet higher than the peak seen by Mr. Pike. Still however the height is exceedingly great and only surpassed by that of the Andes. That the height of the prairie above the level of the ocean is not exaggerated in this statement, will appear extremely probable from the circumstance of its being at the head of several of the largest rivers which intersect the continent of North America. From its neighbourhood, on the

north eastern side begin the Yellow Stone (or Pierre Jaune) river, the great south western branch of the Missouri; as well as the La Platte which is tributary to that river. On its south western side it produces the Red River of California; on its east the Arkansaw, and on its south the Rio del Nord of North Mexico. And our author says, that he has no hesitation in asserting, that he can take a position in the mountains, from which he can visit the source of any of those rivers in one day.

From this peak the travellers ascended a short distance up to the sources of the Arkansaw, and then returned by a more western route. Here they struck again a large river, which they congratulated themselves upon finding, thinking it the Red River of the Mississippi, which they were so anxiously seeking. But on tracing it further down, Mr. Pike, upon examining it from the summit of a mountain, recognized it to be his old acquaintance the Arkansaw; and they now re-occupied on the 5th of January the camp which they had left a month before.

"Here," says our author, "the whole party (which had separated to hunt) being once more joined together, we felt comparatively happy notwithstanding the great mortifications I experienced at having been so egregiously deceived as to the Red River. I now felt at considerable loss how to proceed, as any idea of services at that time from my horses were entirely preposterous. Thus, after various plans formed and rejected, and the most mature deliberation, I determined to build a small place for defence and deposit, and leave part of the baggage, horses, my interpreter and one man, and with the balance, our packs of Indian presents, ammunition, tools, &c. cross the mountains on foot, find the Red River, and then send back a party to conduct the horses and baggage by the most eligible route we could discover: by which time the horses would be so far recovered as to be able to endure the fatigues of a march."

Mr. Pike prosecuted this bold and arduous journey in the depth of winter, over rugged precipices and mountains, during cold so intense as to

disable two of his party from proceeding, (Reaumer's thermometer being once at eighteen and a half below 0) through almost incessant snows, and he was near perishing for want of food. His course was south, up a branch of the Arkansaw, till on the 27th January he arrived upon a stream bearing west, which he fervently hailed as one of the waters of the Red River, and which led him on the 30th January to the banks of a large river that he supposed to be the object of his search, but which in reality was the Rio del Nord; which river Mr. Pike now struck a considerable distance above the most northerly of the Spanish settlements in Santa Fee.

Upon recurring to the valuable maps which accompany this work, it will be seen that in going the southern course that he pursued, he passed about a hundred miles to the westward of the sources of Red River: which take their rise on the east side of the mountains he crossed, not reaching beyond them, as the Arkansaw was before found to do.

The Rio del Nord, on which river Mr. Pike now found himself, flows from its source through the province of Santa Fee, the most northerly of the provinces of Mexico; and continues afterwards through various other provinces. It rises in the chains in the neighbourhood of the peak we have mentioned; but while all the other great rivers branch off and flow easterly into the Mississippi, or westwardly into the gulf of California, the Rio del Nord, confined by two parallel ranges of high mountains, is like the Nile limited to the valley between, through which it continues till about the latitude of 30°, where it bursts through the eastern chain, and turning south-eastwardly after many windings empties itself into the Gulf of Mexico.

Here, after a journey of upwards of 1500 miles, Mr. Pike's attention was directed to preparing for his return home on the bosom of the sup-

posed Red River; and while making his preparations, he formed a stockade in the neighbourhood of a place on the river the description of which reminds us of the delightful valley of Abyssinia which the venerable pen of the great moralist has described in the Tale of Rasselas.

'On the 5th of January the Doctor and myself went out to hunt, and after chasing some deer for several hours without success, we ascended a high hill which lay S. of our camp, from which we had a view of all the prairie and rivers to the north of us; it was at the same time one of the most sublime and beautiful prospects ever presented to the eyes of man. The prairie lying nearly north and south was probably sixty miles by forty-five. The main river bursting out of the western mountain, and meeting from the north east a large branch which divides the chain of mountains, proceeds down the prairie, making many large and beautiful islands, one of which I judged contains a hundred thousand acres of land, all meadow ground, covered with innumerable herds of deer. About six miles from the mountains which cross the prairie at the south end, a branch of twelve steps wide pays its tribute to the main stream from the west. Four miles below is a stream of the same size which enters on the east: from the entrance of this down was about three miles to the junction of the west fork, which waters the foot of the hill on the north, while the main river winds along in meanders on the east. In short, this view combined the sublime and beautiful; the great and lofty mountains covered with eternal snows, seemed to surround the luxuriant vale crowned with perennial flowers, like a terrestrial paradise shut out from the view of man.'

The stockade, however, after being completed with considerable labour, as well as their preparations to descend the supposed Red River, became totally useless, by the occurrence of an event which first apprized them of their being on the Rio del Nord, and within the limits of the Spanish territory: for on the 16th of February they were discovered by some Spanish spies, and on the 26th of the same month were visited by a Spanish military force, consisting of an hundred infantry and dragoons un-

der the command of two lieutenants. They had instructions from the Governor of New Mexico, to cause the American party to march to Santa Fee, under the engagement of enabling them to proceed home. To this our traveller after some hesitation consented, and marched out of his stockade on the 27th of February, on his route to Santa Fee, with which he concludes the second part of his tour.

In order to give a continued narrative of this tour, we have omitted till now the following interesting description of the Wishtonwish or Prairie Dogs, some of which Mr. Pike killed in October, shortly after his first arrival upon the Arkansaw.

'The Wishtonwish of the Indians, Prairie Dogs of some, or Squirrels, as I should be inclined to denominate them, reside on the prairies of Louisiana in towns or villages, having an evident police established in their communities. The sites of their towns are generally on the brow of a hill near some creek or pond, in order to be convenient to water, and that the high ground which they inhabit may not be subject to inundation. Their residence being under ground is burrowed out, and the earth answers the double purpose of keeping out the water, and affording an elevated place in wet seasons to repose on, and to give them a further and more distinct view of the country. Their holes descend in a spiral form, and therefore I could never ascertain their depth: but I once had a hundred and forty kettles of water poured into one of them, in order to drive out the occupant, but without effect. In the circuit of their villages they clear off all the grass, and leave the earth bare of vegetation; but whether it is from an instinct they possess, inducing them to keep the ground thus cleared, or whether they make use of the herbage as food, I cannot pretend to determine. The latter opinion I think entitled to a preference, as their teeth designate them to be of the graminivorous species, and I know of no other substance which is produced in the vicinity of their positions, on which they could subsist, nor do they extend their excursions more than half a mile from the burrows. They are of a dark brown colour, except their bellies which are white. Their tails are not so long as those of our grey squirrels, but are shaped precisely like theirs; their teeth, head, nails, and body are the perfect squir-

rel, except that they are generally fatter than that animal. Their villages sometimes extend over two and three miles square, in which there must be innumerable hosts of these, as there is generally a burrow every ten steps, in which there are two or more, and you see new ones partly excavated on all the borders of the town. We killed great numbers of them with our rifles, and found them excellent meat, after they were exposed a night or two to the frost, by which means the rankness acquired by their subterraneous dwelling is corrected. As you approach their towns, you are saluted on all sides by the cry of Wishtonwish (from which they derive their name with the Indians) uttered in a shrill and piercing manner. You then observe them all retreating to the entrance of their burrows, where they post themselves, and regard every, even the slightest, movement that you make. It requires a very nice shot with a rifle to kill them, as they must be killed dead; for as long as life exists they continue to work into their cells. It is extremely dangerous to pass through their towns, as they abound with rattlesnakes, both of the yellow and black species; and, strange as it may appear, I have seen the Wishtonwish, the rattlesnake, the horn-frog, with which the prairie abounds (termed by the Spaniards the cameleon, from their taking no visible sustenance) and a land tortoise, all take refuge in the same hole. I do not pretend to assert that it was their common place of resort, but I have witnessed the above facts more than in one instance.'

We must not omit a description of a new species of bird caught by our traveller.

'It was of a green colour, almost the size of a quail, had a small tuft on its head like a pheasant, and was of the carnivorous species: it differed from any bird we ever saw in the United States. We kept him with us in a small wicker cage, feeding him on meal, until I left the interpreter, on the Arkansaw, with whom I left it. We at one time took a companion of the same species and put them into the same cage, when the first resident never ceased attacking the stranger until he killed him.'

We shall conclude this part of our author's tour, with some ideas which naturally occur from an attention to the scene of his travels.

That vast tract of country lying westward of the Mississippi and south

of the Missouri, presents numerous features peculiar to itself, which strongly distinguish it from the country to the eastward of the former river. Its rivers are of greater size and of larger extent, and it presents many varieties of animals which were unknown to the forests that formerly shaded our present abodes. But what most remarkably distinguishes it from the country between the Mississippi and the Atlantic, is the vast extent of untimbered country, which, except occasionally upon the borders of its streams, pervades its whole extent. The states at present peopled, (as well as several that remain yet to be settled) presented in their original situation, a continued, thick, and shady forest. Although this required from the settler the arduous labour of clearing off its prodigious trunks, before he could raise an ear of corn or a blade of grass, yet the soil manured by the vegetable mould of several centuries, amply repaid him for all his toils. But in the tract we have mentioned, a sandy and barren soil is incapable of rearing timber in the first instance, and we are astonished in coming from the Atlantic states to find vast tracts of country as clear and open as meadows, which we find upon examination to be in general of a dry and sandy soil, destitute of moisture, and wholly incapable of that produce which rewards the labour of the husbandman here. In the neighbourhood of the streams, it is true, a rich soil is found, covering even the prairies; in some places more extensive than in others: thus from the Missouri to the head of the Osage river, a distance, in a straight line, of probably three hundred

miles, the country, says our author, will admit of a numerous, extensive, and compact population: but from thence on the rivers Kanse, La Platte, Arkansaw, and their numerous branches, it appears to be *possible* to introduce only a limited population. And the immense tracts lying between these and the other streams of that country, present a barren soil, without timber for the various necessities of life, parched and dried up for eight months of the year, and making the opinion formed by our author still more likely to be justified when the neighbouring country is opened to the influence of the sun, that these vast plains of the Western hemisphere may become in time equally celebrated as the sandy deserts of Africa; for I saw in my route in various places tracts of many leagues, where the wind had thrown up the sand in all the fanciful forms of the ocean's rolling wave, and on which not a speck of vegetable matter existed."

While, therefore, there is room enough for the surplus of our population to expand, and for the imagination to indulge itself in the prospect of immense countries yet to be the smiling abodes of civilized man, the prospect is not unbounded. We shall be shut in on the west by a sandy ocean, as on the east by a watery sea: and our settlers confined on the west to the borders of the Missouri and Mississippi will, perhaps more fortunately for our union, be constrained to leave the uncultivable prairies to the sparse and wandering aborigines of the country.

(To be continued.)

FROM THE BRITISH CRITIC.

Select Psalms in Verse, with Critical Remarks, by Bp. Lowth and others, illustrative of the Beauties of Sacred Poetry. Crown 8vo. 288 pp. 8s. Hatchard. 1811.

THERE is something peculiarly pleasing in the plan and execution of this little volume, which judiciously unites the love of Sacred poetry,

with the taste for English lore, and the liberal curiosity which seeks for information respecting all men of talent. "It was the original intention of the compiler," he tells us, "to have given a complete metrical translation of the Book of Psalms, selected from all the different versions which he could meet with." This, however, he relinquished, being convinced by diligent investigation, that, "a very large proportion of the Psalms have never yet had justice done to the beauties of their poetry. Instead of this, therefore, he gives a selection of such as he deemed most worthy to meet the public eye, whether published before, or remaining till now in MS.

To the Psalms themselves the compiler prefixes short biographical notices of those English authors who have translated the whole Book of Psalms in English verse. These are elegant and satisfactory. Other biographical accounts appear also in the notes, relative to authors who translated only particular Psalms. The illustrations of the Psalms themselves are selected with taste and judgment from various authors. The fiftieth Psalm, of which the translator is said to be unknown, may perhaps be attributed to the compiler himself. On the chance of that being

the case we shall produce it. Its own merit will speak sufficiently for it.

PSALM L.

"Th' uplifted eye, and bended knee
Are but vain homage, Lord, to thee;
In vain our lips thy praise prolong,
The heart a stranger to the song.

Can rites, and forms, and flaming zeal,
The breaches of thy precepts heal?
Or fast and penance reconcile
Thy justice, and obtain thy smile?

The pure, the humble, contrite mind,
Thankful, and to thy will resigned,
To thee a nobler off'ring yields
Than Sheba's groves, or Sharon's fields;

Than floods of oil, or floods of wine
Ten thousand rolling to thy shrine,
Or than if, to thine altar led,
A first-born Son the victim bled.

'Be just and kind,' that great command
Doth on eternal pillars stand:
This did thine ancient prophets teach,
And this thy well beloved preach." P. 102.

Whoever may be the author of this, it is not surpassed by any in the collection for simple elegance. We very much long to tell the compiler's name, but not being authorized so to do, we forbear. If our commendation can remove the hesitation of diffidence, we very cordially bestow it. We have seldom seen a compilation of the same extent by which we have been more gratified.

SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

FROM THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

MEMOIRS OF LORD WELLINGTON, *part see p. 1*

Lieutenant-General of his Majesty's Forces, chief Secretary to the Lord

Lieutenant of Ireland, &c. &c. *Cont'd on p. 117*

HAVING been so fortunate as to procure an admirable resemblance of the subject of this brief memoir, we are happy in being able to present it to the public, and to commence our monthly labours with some account of the services of one of the most rising officers of the present day.

Sir Arthur Wellesley is the third surviving son of Gerald Earl of Mornington, of the Kingdom of Ireland, by Anne, eldest daughter of Arthur, first Viscount Dungannon, of the same country. He was born on the 1st of May, 1769, and received his early education at Eton—whence he proceeded to Angers in France, where he went through his exercises, at that celebrated military academy, of which M. Pignerole was then principal, with great and distinguished credit.

Sir Arthur's destination being the army, he entered it as a subaltern at an early age; but the country being then in a state of profound peace, he attained the rank of field-officer, without having had any opportunity of distinguishing himself. During this period, however, his time was not lost, as he applied closely to the study of his profession, as well of its theoretic as practical branches, and thus rendered himself equal to the arduous commands which subsequently fell to his lot. We may be allowed also to remark, that he never spent any part

of this period in the family of a general officer, either as *aide-de-camp* or brigade major; and perhaps he owes to that very circumstance the strong energies of his mind, and his habits of decision in moments of the extremest difficulty.

During the first revolutionary war, Sir Arthur Wellesley served as a field-officer in the small army of ten thousand men, despatched from this country in aid of the Duke of York, under the command of the Earl of Moira.—The fatal campaign of 1794 is too well known and remembered to be here dwelt upon. It gave Sir Arthur, however, the opportunity he had long sought of displaying those military talents he must have been conscious he possessed: at the head of a brigade of three battalions, he conducted its retreat under circumstances of peculiar difficulty, in such a manner as to excite the applause, and gain the approbation of his superiors.

We next find Sir Arthur Wellesley embarked on board the great fleet destined for the West Indies, commanded by Admiral Christian. The severity of the gales which this armament encountered, having forced the greater part of it to return home, the expedition itself fell to the ground, and was never again resumed on the same vast scale.

A brighter period in the life of this

gallant officer now approaches. When happily for the interests of the British empire, the Marquis Wellesley, then Earl of Mornington, elder brother of Sir Arthur, was appointed Governor-general of Bengal and its dependencies, the subject of this memoir having succeeded by purchase to the lieutenant-colonelcy of the 33d regiment of infantry, he sailed with it from Ireland : and had scarcely arrived in India, when he was put in orders for the expedition then on foot for the reduction of Manilla, and actually embarked therewith. But the political horizon of India blackening at that moment, from the discovered hostility of Tippoo Sultaun, and the intrigues of France in concert with him, for the destruction of the British empire in Hindostan, the design was laid aside, and has never since been resumed.

When the great and comprehensive mind of the Governor-general bent itself to the destruction of the tyrant of Mysore, a step become absolutely necessary from the causes above adverted to, Colonel Wellesley, was attached to the Madras army, then commanded by Lieutenant-general Harris, who soon after appointed him to the command of that division of it which was assembled at Lall Pitt, preparatory to the Mysorean war, which was now upon the eve of commencing.

After the reduction of the French force in the Deccan, by one of those masterly enterprises which distinguish the Marquis Wellesley's Indian government above all which have ever preceded it, had released the Nizam from a species of oppression and control he knew not how to resist ; that prince cheerfully furnished a contingent force in aid of the British armies, now on full march from several points of India, to the attack of Tippoo.—His highness's arms consisted of a subsidiary body of 6000 of the company's troops, about as many of his own, and a large proportion of cavalry.—As soon as it arrived at a point where it could act in conjunction with the

grand army under General Harris, its separate command was given to Colonel Wellesley, under which it maintained, for the residue of the campaign, the highest reputation for discipline, bravery, and activity—qualities very foreign in general to the character of the native troops of India.

On the ever memorable 4th of May, 1799, when the same blow which put an end to the life of Tippoo Sultaun terminated that dynasty of which he was the second of its princes, and gave his capital to the conquering arms of Britain—a day which, to use the energetic language of the Governor-General, “raised the reputation of the British arms in India to a degree of splendour and glory unrivalled in the military history of that quarter of the globe, and seldom approached in any part of the world ;” Colonel Wellesley commanded the reserve at the assault of the fort of Seringapatam, and was thanked in public orders by General Harris, for his gallant conduct in that severe and trying affair.

In order for the arrangement of the division of the territories of the late Tippoo Sultaun, the Governor-general deeming it expedient to establish a commission for the purpose of the settlement of Mysore, Colonel Wellesley was named, in conjunction with General Harris, the Hon. Henry Wellesley, and Lieutenant-colonels Kilpatrick and Close, to this important duty ; a task which they seem to have performed with a spirit of zeal, activity, and justness of decision never surpassed, under circumstances equally intricate and arduous. He was also one of the military commission appointed by General Harris for the distribution of the prize treasure taken at Seringapatam. Those appointments serve to show the high consideration in which this young officer was held. But a far more important and delicate appointment now awaited him. It having been judged proper that Seringapatam and its fortress should become united to the

British territory; immediately on its reduction, Colonel Wellesley was appointed Governor of the city; a trust which, in that instant of time required a person of approved military talents and integrity, and the utmost vigilance and care.

It would far exceed our limits to point out here in detail the difficulties of such a task. Let it however be remembered, that Seringapatam had been the capital of the most powerful and bitterest enemy the English interests ever encountered in India; that it contained a vast population, all inimical to the last degree, to the persons and nation of the conquerors; in a state of entire misrule and insubordination, and ready to manifest their dislike to any measure proposed by their new masters by the most violent acts of contumacy and rebellion, wherever the opportunity presented itself. Notwithstanding however, the magnitude of these obstacles, and great they must be allowed to be, Colonel Wellesley found the means not only to overcome them during the period of his command, but, to a degree rarely known, conciliate the affections and attach to his person the whole of the inhabitants: no easy task, when it is considered that this population was a mixed one of Hindus and Mahometans, the natural enemies of each other.

To account for this in some measure, it must be stated, that the care of, and attention due to the family of the deceased Sultaun, fell particularly within the line of his duty, as also their removal from the capital of their father and grandfather, to the residence appointed for them by the Governor-general. It was equally his province to raise from the humiliating condition in which the tyrannous policy of Hyder and Tippoo had placed him, to one of dignity and empire, the infant descendant of the ancient Hindoo sovereigns of Mysore—functions “which could not be intrusted” (to use the words of the commission) “to any person more

likely to combine every office of humanity with the prudential precautions required by the occasion.” In effect his conduct upon these trying points was so well regulated, so strongly marked by forbearance and integrity, so temperate, and yet so firm and decisive, that he gained the universal suffrage of every party concerned, and at the period of the termination of those duties, was publicly thanked by the Governor-general in Council for their very meritorious discharge. It must also be mentioned, that whilst in this important command, he applied himself most particularly to the improvement of Seringapatam, as well in its external appearance as in its police, in both of which points he was eminently successful.

At the commencement of the year 1800, General Harris having quitted India for Europe, the command of the Madras army devolved upon Major-general Brathwaite; about which period it was judged expedient to order Colonel Wellesley upon an expedition against the freebooter Dhoondia Waugh, who was at this time in considerable force, and committed the most violent outrages upon the company's territory, and of whom it was necessary to make a severe example.

In the month of September, 1800, this gallant officer took the field; on the 5th, he entered the Nizam's territories; and on the 9th, after a series of the most masterly movements, executed with almost unexampled vigour and rapidity, he intercepted Dhoondia's force, consisting of 5,000 cavalry, at Conahgull, on his march to the westward. This body was strongly posted, its rear and left flank being covered by the rock and village of Conahgull; and at this moment the horse alone of Colonel Wellesley's army were come up. With these, however, he determined to attack the enemy, and at the head of the 19th and 25th dragoons, and 1st and 2d regiments of native cavalry, extended

into one line, in order to prevent his being outflanked, he commenced the battle. The enemy at first showed much firmness; but such was the determination and rapidity of the charge, that he soon gave way, and was pursued for several miles by the conquerors: Dhoondia, with vast numbers of his followers were killed, and the whole body was so broken up and dispersed, as never again to cause any disturbance.

For this great and essential service Colonel Wellesley received the thanks of General Brathwaite and of the Governor-general in council, for the indefatigable activity which he displayed in all his operations—his judicious arrangements for the supply of his army, and the masterly disposition which terminated in the defeat and discomfiture of the enemy. In effect, this short but brilliant and decisive campaign raised the character of Colonel Wellesley in India to a degree, in the estimation of military men, which even his subsequent great actions in that country have not heightened.

At this time the first revolutionary war, which preceded the short-lived peace of Amiens, raged in every quarter of the globe. Having established an apparently profound tranquillity throughout India, the great and comprehensive mind of the Governor-general, now Marquis Wellesley, meditated an expedition to Batavia, to be commanded by General Baird, who had distinguished himself by leading the assault at Seringapatam. In the event of the success of this enterprize, a part of the force was to have been detached for the purpose of attacking the Mauritius and the Isle of Bourbon. Colonel Wellesley was destined to this important duty. Accordingly, in the month of December, 1800, that officer was recalled from his command in the Mysore, and quitted his government of Seringapatam, followed by the good wishes and prayers of the native inhabitants, and the sincerest

testimonies of friendship and respect from the troops so long under his command.

From some strange misconception of the powers of the Governor-general, the necessary co-operation of Admiral Rainier, then commanding in chief in the Indian seas, could not be obtained to this great and desirable object; and it accordingly fell to the ground, very much to the detriment and injury of the British interests in India.

This circumstance enabled the Governor-general to avail himself once more of the services of Colonel Wellesley in the Mysore; and he was accordingly remanded to the command of the forces in that country, and to his government of Seringapatam; to which capital he returned in May, 1801.

In the interval between this period and the Marhatta war, in which the subject of this memoir took such a distinguished part, he attained the rank of Major-general in his majesty's forces.

It would be as foreign to the plan of this part of our publication, as it would far exceed our limits, to enter into a detailed account of the causes and origin of the hostilities commenced by the British government of India against the Marhatta chieftains, Bhoosla and Scindeah, in November, 1802, and which terminated so gloriously for England in the following year. To dwell upon the profound policy, the unabating energy, and the unchecked prosperity which marked this contest from the beginning, would be to enter upon the eulogium of the Marquis Wellesley—a subject far beyond our feeble pen, and to be handed down to posterity by far other abilities than those we presume to possess. Suffice it for the present, that when the intrigues of these chieftains, their predatory spirit, and the usurpation of the Peishwah's authority by one of them, had rendered it indispensably necessary to the existence of the Bri-

tish power in India that they should be checked in their career, Lord Clive, then at the head of the Madras government, assembled an army of 19,000 men, under Lieutenant-general Stuart, on the north-western frontier; whence it became necessary to detach a very considerable force into the Marhatta territories, in order to rescue Poonah the capital of the Peishwah, our ally, as well as the person of that prince himself, from the rapacious grasp of Scindeah and Holkar, who were contending which should possess himself of both.

This force, consisting of about 12,000 men, was placed under the command of Major-general Wellesley, who had also under him Colonel Stevenson, at the head of the Nizam's subsidiary force of nearly 9,000 troops, strengthened by 6,000 of that prince's disciplined infantry, and about 9,000 of his cavalry: making in the whole, an army of nearly 35,000 men, with a proportionate train of artillery.

Having, by the judicious position of the force under Colonel Stevenson, secured his communication with the latter, and supplies of provisions for his own army, General Wellesley deemed it essential to advance to Poonah the whole of the force destined to rescue the Peishwah from the tyrannous usurpation of the Marhatta chieftain Holkar, who was not only in possession of his person, but of his capital and dominions. On the night of the 19th of April, therefore, having undoubted information that Holkar's general was determined to plunder and burn Poonah on the approach of the British troops, he pushed forward over a rugged country, through a dangerous and difficult pass, and in thirty-two hours reached the capital of the Peishwah, at the head of his cavalry, after a forced march of sixty miles! The unexampled celerity of this movement saved Poonah from the dreadful fate by which it was menaced; and in a few days he had the satisfaction of restoring this city to its lawful sove-

reign, amidst the rejoicings of the inhabitants, who, as well as the Peishwah, manifested the greatest gratitude to the British general, for their unexpected and almost unhopd-for deliverance.

The result of this brilliant achievement was of the utmost consequence to the British interests in India, at a very critical juncture. Independently of its defeating a project of almost unparalleled barbarity, it enabled General Wellesley, in thus restoring the chief of the Marhatta confederation to his just rank and dignity in those states, to take the full benefit of the treaty of Bassein, concluded between the Peishwah and the British government the December preceding, and rendered that prince a most useful ally in the approaching war with Scindeah and the Berar rajah.

Having succeeded in completely restoring tranquillity in the dominions of the Peishwah, and placed the revenues and troops of that prince upon the best footing, in contemplation of the approaching campaign, rendered more than probable by the hostile confederation of Bhoosla and Scindeah, immediately under the influence of French intrigue and interference, General Wellesley marched from Poonah on the 4th of June, with the main body of his army, and, on the 14th, took up his ground at Walker, a strong post belonging to Scindeah, within a short distance of the city, and almost impregnable fortress of Amednagur, belonging also to that chieftain, and eighty miles distant from Poonah: a position chosen with the greatest judgment, as it placed the British army in the best situation for commencing hostilities, should the pending negotiations be broken off between the British government and the Marhatta confederates.

In this advanced point of the Decan, it became necessary for the governor-general, on the ground of avoiding unnecessary delay in the important discussions to which we have above adverted, to vest General

Wellesley with full powers to carry them on, and settle, on the spot, every requisite arrangement either for peace or war, as circumstances should determine. This important commission was accordingly bestowed on General Wellesley, whose subsequent conduct, during a diplomatic contest conducted on the part of the Marhatta princes with all the wiles and subtilty of the east, fully justified the confidence reposed in his characteristic sagacity, judgment, spirit, and decision.

It would far exceed our proposed limits to detail the various evasive, futile, and insincere measures which marked the conduct of the confederated Marhatta chieftains, and which at length, compelled the British government to resort to the sword; and it is equally impossible for us to enter into the masterly manner in which the Governor-general planned a campaign, in which he brought into the field 54,918 men, so distributed as to carry on at one and the same moment the most vigorous operations against the enemy in almost every quarter of the peninsula of India, and by which he terminated a war of a few months' duration with the attainment of every proposed object, without sustaining in that period the slightest check or reverse of fortune! Suffice it to mention, that while the army of Bengal was destined to act under the personal command of General Lake in the north-western provinces of Hindostan, that of Madras was placed under the orders of Major-general Wellesley, for the purpose of opposing the combined army of the enemy, under the personal command of Scindeah, to the southward.

On the 8th of August, General Wellesley took the field, and marched with about 9,000 troops, in the proportion of 7,000 Sepoys to 2,000 Europeans, against Amednagur; and on the same day that city was taken, surrounded as it was by a high and strong wall, by a spirited effort, it being carried by escalade and storm,

with but small loss. On the 10th, the batteries were opened before the fortress of the same name, and, on the 12th, it surrendered at discretion: a conquest, the first fruits of General Wellesley's activity, which immediately gave the possession of districts to the annual amount of 72,000*l.* sterling. On the 24th of August, the British force crossed the Godavery river, and, on the 29th reached Aurungabad. From this point, by a masterly and rapid movement along the left bank of the Godavery to the eastward, General Wellesley completely prevented Scindeah from crossing that river, and attacking, as he had intended, our ally, the Nizam, in his very capital; and, at the same time, covered two valuable convoys of treasure and grain, which were on the way for the supply of his forces.

Scindeah, thus baffled, assembled the whole of the army under his immediate command at a strong position on the north bank of the river Kaitreach, near the Adjunttee Pass, to the amount of 38,500 cavalry, 10,500 regular infantry, 500 matchlocks, 500 rocket men, and 190 pieces of ordnance, determined, it should seem, to try the fate of a battle with the British army, which the vast superiority of his force, and the strength of his position, gave him the strongest and fairest probability of hazarding with advantage. In addition to the troops we have particularized, Scindeah stationed a few thousand well trained Marhatta cavalry in the Adjunttee hills.

On the 21st of September, Colonel Stevenson, who commanded the subsidiary force, and who acted in concert with, and under the orders of General Wellesley, formed a junction with that officer. It was then determined that they should again separate, and advance towards the enemy in distinct divisions, and by different routes, as the best means of compelling him to a general action, were he found disposed to continue the defensive system he had hitherto adop-

ted. General Wellesley and Colonel Stevenson accordingly marched towards the enemy's encampment, the former taking the eastern, the latter a western direction; their point of junction, and the time, having been previously arranged.

On the ever memorable, 23d of September, General Wellesley arrived at Naulnair, where he received information that the combined Marhatta army was within six miles of the ground he intended to occupy; but that some symptoms appeared of his intention to break up his encampment, and retreat on the approach of the British troops. In the apprehension of losing an opportunity which might not again occur of striking a decisive blow, General Wellesley instantly determined, although his army had marched fourteen miles that morning, to attack him, without waiting for Colonel Stevenson's division. This bold resolve was at once the result of the greatest intrepidity and the profoundest judgment. Had the British general awaited the junction, the enemy, informed of their approach, would have had ample time to have withdrawn his guns and infantry during the night, and thus have easily avoided a general engagement; a circumstance which must not only have protracted the campaign, but have probably been greatly detrimental to the future progress of the British arms in that quarter: whereas, by the bold measure which General Wellesley adopted, of attacking him without delay, the smallness of the British force would probably tempt Scindeah to engage, where he had the greatest prospect of defeating.

In pursuance of this resolution, which could alone have been undertaken by the most resolute and dauntless mind, General Wellesley, having refreshed his men, moved forward, and came in sight of the enemy, (after a march in the whole of twenty miles, the last six of which under the heats of a vertical sun), posted as we

have already described, their right being upon the village of Bokerdun, and their left on that of Assye: which latter place, in giving its name to the battle, has been immortalized.

General Wellesley's approach was in front of the enemy's right; but finding that the infantry and guns were posted on the left, he resolved there to make his attack. Accordingly, he made the necessary movement for that purpose, covering his infantry, as they moved round, with the British cavalry in the rear, and by that of the Peishwah and Nizam on the right flank. Having forded the river Kaitna at a point beyond the enemy's left, General Wellesley now formed his army in order of battle; drawing up his infantry in two lines; the British cavalry in a third, as a reserve; and the auxiliary native horse were posted on the left flank of the British army, in order to check the approach of a large body of that of the enemy, which had slowly followed its movement, from the right of their own position.

The force of the confederated chieftains we have already detailed; that of the British army did not exceed on this trying day 4,500 men, of whom 2,000 alone were Europeans! Superior skill, judgment, discipline, and intrepidity were, however, on the side of the latter, and more than counterbalanced the superiority of the enemy's numbers.

When General Wellesley evinced his intention of attacking their left, the enemy began a distant cannonade, but changed his position with great steadiness and excellent judgment, when he clearly saw the mode in which he was to be attacked. Extending the infantry and guns from the Kaitna to the village of Assye on the Juah river, at right angles thereto, he formed a second line, with its left upon Assye, and its rear to the Juah, along the bank of which it was lengthened in a westerly direction. In this masterly position, the British attacked, and advanced under a tre-

mendous fire of nearly 150 pieces of the enemy's ordnance, served with a precision and effect equal to that of any European. The English artillery had also opened in their turn upon the enemy, at an interval of about 100 yards; but it produced little effect on his vast line of infantry, and was rendered incapable of advancing, from the number of men and bullocks disabled by the galling discharges of that of the enemy. Thus circumstanced, the English general resolved to abandon his guns, and try the event of a closer combat. Accordingly, leaving them in the rear, and putting himself at the head of his whole line, he advanced with an intrepidity and boldness which dismayed the enemy; the right of his line being covered in this spirited movement by the British cavalry, under the brave Colonel Maxwell. Notwithstanding the effect of their powerful artillery, the enemy was unequal to such a charge, and was quickly compelled to fall back upon his second line, posted, as we have already said, in front of the Juah. Here the 74th regiment, which covered the right of the British line, suffered so severely by the enemy's cannon, that a body of his cavalry was encouraged to charge. But the British horse, on the right, repulsing it, charged the enemy in turn with such resistless vigour, that several of their battalions were driven into the Juah with prodigious slaughter. The enemy's line thus broken, and awed by the steady movement of the British infantry, which still advanced with the most collected and unshaken courage, at length gave way in every direction, and the cavalry, led by Colonel Maxwell, crossing the Juah in pursuit, destroyed numbers of the enemy's now broken and dispersed infantry.

The smallness of the British force rendered it impossible for the general to secure all the advantages of his success in the heat of the action: so that some of the enemy's guns, which had been unavoidably left in the rear,

were at this moment turned upon the British troops in advance, by several of the Marhatta artillery-men who had thrown themselves on the ground during the action, and were passed over unmolested by the English soldiers; a stratagem not unfrequently practised by the native troops of India. Encouraged by this circumstance, some of the enemy's regular battalions, who had retreated in rather better order, faced about, and thus a second action, of a very furious nature while it lasted, commenced, which left the day for some little time doubtful. The personal gallantry and courage, however, of General Wellesley soon determined it; putting himself at the head of the 78th regiment and the 7th battalion of Sepoys, he attacked those parties of the enemy who had seized the guns, so briskly, as to compel them to surrender; though not without some further loss, and considerable personal danger to himself, having his horse shot under him; while the gallant Colonel Maxwell completed the route of the enemy, by charging with the 19th dragoons those battalions which had rallied, which he entirely broke and dispersed, although he unfortunately fell in the onset. These last attacks were decisive; the enemy fled in every direction, their dead amounting to 1,200, and the surrounding country strewed with their wounded. The fruits of this victory were 98 pieces of cannon, the whole camp equipage of the enemy, all their bullocks and camels, and a vast quantity of ammunition.

We have been thus particular in our detail of this memorable achievement, in which a British army of 4,500 men, not 2,000 of whom were Europeans, gained a complete and decisive victory over an enemy whose force was at least 10,000 regular infantry, formed, disciplined, and in part officered by Frenchmen, supported by the tremendous discharge of nearly 100 pieces of cannon, served with all the precision and much

of the science of the French artillery; while bodies of the Marhatta cavalry, to the number of 40,000 men, hovered around, ready to cut in upon and annihilate this "handful of heroes," did the smallest mistake or the slightest appearance of unsteadiness or disorder occur during the engagement. In effect, whether the military skill and judgment of the leader, the bravery of the troops, the dispro-

portion of numbers, or the brilliant result be considered, the victory of Assye may rank with any one of those by which British valour in India has been every where distinguished, and has placed the name of Wellesley on the same roll of fame with those of the illustrious Clive and Coote in the annals of the British empire in India.

(To be continued.)

FROM THE LONDON UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE.

Some Account of the Spanish Drama and Society; Augustina Zaragoza, Palafox; Bull Fights, &c. By Sir John Carr.*

THE theatre at Cadiz is large and handsome; but, excepting on gala evenings, it is not brilliantly lighted.

The admission money is trifling; but you have to pay twice, once for entrance, and again for a seat, each seat being numbered, so that it can never be occupied but by the person who has a ticket which entitles him to it. A friar sits by the receiver of the money with a poor-box, and begs the change "por las almas," for charity. The pit, called the patio, solely appropriated for the men, has a certain number of seats, lunettas, which are sometimes let by the year. There are three rows of boxes called balco and aposentas; these are all private; one of them is the state box of the Governor and Captain-general. Before the first tier of boxes there is a single row of seats, la galleria, to which any one may be admitted. Over the boxes is a gallery called the casuela, entirely appropriated to the women, who are placed under the protection of a guard, to prevent improper inter-

courses; I need not add that this is the noisiest part of the house. Although the boxes are private, I had always access to one through a friend at Cadiz. There are seven different kinds of pieces performed at the Spanish theatre,—the heroic drama, the drama of character, the sacred drama, or autos sacramentales, the comedies of the figurones, the tonadillas, the saynettes, and the zarguelas. The first piece I saw was a comedy entitled "Los Amantes Disfrazados," which appeared to be, as I was assured it was, a very stupid composition; then followed "una buena tonadilla," a sort of musical interlude in one act, by La Signora Manuela Palacios which was simple and agreeable enough. This was succeeded by another small piece entitled La Senorita Displacente, and the whole of this "funcion," as it is called, concluded with a saynette, a little grotesque farce in one act. The Spaniards are very partial to the saynettes, in which the manners of the people are represented with great fidelity.

* Having been favoured with the liberty of extracting from Sir John Carr's forthcoming publication of Descriptive Travels in Spain, &c. any specimen which we might think interesting to our readers, we have availed ourselves of the permission by presenting them with the above.—Editor.

and animation. The scenery is not well painted. A performer of the name of Prieto excelled in grave characters, and the comic actors and actresses were considered tolerably good.

On another night, a play, the subject of which was the escape of Romana and his army from Denmark, called *la fineze d'Inghilterra* was performed, after which, I saw, for the first time, a bolero, which is substituted for the fandango. The dancer was a fine woman, *en bon point*, but how shall I describe her performance? it seems that she did not agitate a certain portion of the back part of her frame to the taste of the spectators. In matters of this sort, it would appear that the Spaniards are the best judges. I saw no defect; she played the castanets admirably, and moved to their sound accurately and gracefully; but for the reason before stated she was unpopular, and a gentle mark of disapprobation from the pit rendered it necessary for her to retire, and make room for another, who had a more voluptuous form, and who by her extraordinary movements, when she turned her back towards the audience, showed that she thoroughly understood in what her predecessor had failed; she excited in consequence a profusion of applause. Had Martial witnessed this scene, although he has so often eulogized the Spanish dance of his own time, methinks he would have regarded this refinement in voluptuousness as a becoming subject for satiric animadversion. The account given of the bolero by Fischer, is like almost every other subject he has touched, coloured to an excess, which becomes ridiculous, not to say indecent. He has doubtless mistaken the fandango for the bolero. It appears from the preface to a small collection of *Sequidillas*, to which the name of Precisco is affixed in the title page, though it bears neither the date, nor place of its impression, that the bolero took its rise about the year 1780, in the

province of La Mancha, and is indebted to the following circumstance for its name: About that time, Don Sebastian Zerego, a Manchegan by birth, and one of the best dancers of his day, paid a visit to his native town, the youth of which, beholding him springing so much higher, and remaining so much longer than usual from the ground, whilst on the instruments the accompanying modulation was redoubled, in the warmth of their surprise and admiration declared that he *flew*, (*que bolaba*), whence the invitations to see this man dance, were to see the dancer who flew, "*para ir à ver baylar al que bolaba*," or, as they termed it, the bolero. One of the original and most admired rules of this dance is, that at the conclusion of the strain, the dancers are suddenly to remain fixed in the posture in which the last musical note and stroke of the castanet shall leave them: this position is called *el bien parado*. The dancers of course study to conclude in attitudes the most elegant and graceful. The effect of both the fandango and bolero is said to be perfectly irresistible with the Spaniards, so much so indeed, that a traveller has, whimsically enough, observed, that, were any one suddenly to play the one or the other in a church or court of justice, the priest and his congregation, or the judge, the criminal, and advocates, would immediately set themselves in motion. After the play, it is usual with the people of Cadiz to promenade in the square of St. Antonio.

I was at several tertulias or evening parties, which were agreeable enough. Cards and conversation formed the sources of amusement. In Spain, the ladies of Andalusia are celebrated for their beauty; but I must confess I am disposed to confine their attraction more to their person and uncommon grace, than to their beauty of feature. They are very lively and agreeable, and are said to possess uncommon powers of elegant and even witty badinage and railery, to which I

am told their language is peculiarly suited. The society of Cadiz is altogether of a superior nature, doubtless owing in a great degree to the commercial communication which that city has for a great length of time kept up with the rest of the civilized world.

The rooms are in general lofty and spacious, every window opening into a balcony or railing. A chimney-piece is unusual. A brazen pan of powdered charcoal, called the *copa*, placed upon the floor, is a substitute on a cold day in the winter. The staircases and floors are generally of marble. Chandeliers are common, but are not usually lighted up. The furniture is handsome, but inferior to ours in taste and real richness.

Amongst the distinguished persons at Cadiz, I met at the house of a very respectable English merchant, Vice-Admiral Don Ignatio Maria D'Alava, who, it will be remembered, escaped in the *Santa Anna*, after the glorious battle of Trafalgar, whom Lord Collingwood claimed as a prisoner of war, and whom he thus acutely and exquisitely reproached in the letter which he afterwards addressed to him: "I could not disturb the repose of a man supposed to lie in his last moments; but your sword, the emblem of your service, was delivered to me by your captain, and I expect that you consider yourself a prisoner of war." How the Spanish admiral satisfied his own feelings of honour on the occasion, I know not; the remonstrance of the noble British commander was unavailing; and when I was at Cadiz, D'Alava had the command of the port, and Spanish ships of war, a circumstance which I regarded, after what had happened, as unpropitious to a cordial co-operation with the British admiral there.

It was with infinitely more gratification that I was introduced by Brigadier-general Doyle, an Irish officer

in the Spanish service, to the celebrated Augustina Zaragoza, who, it will be remembered by all who have perused Mr. Vaughan's very interesting narrative of the siege of Saragoza (*Saragossa*) by her valour elevated herself to the highest rank of heroines, during the first siege of that illustrious, but unfortunate city, in the month of June, 1808.*

In the second siege, some particulars of which I shall hereafter relate, she surpassed her former achievements. Augustina appeared to be of the age which Mr. Vaughan has assigned to her, about 23, when I saw her. She was neatly dressed in the black mantilla. Her complexion was a light olive, her countenance soft and pleasing, and her manners, which were perfectly feminine, were easy and engaging. Upon the sleeve of one of her arms she wore three embroidered badges of distinction, commemorative of three distinguished acts of her intrepidity. Brigadier-general Doyle told me that she never talked of her own brilliant exploits, but always spoke with animation of the many she saw displayed by others in those memorable sieges. These insignia of military merit had been conferred upon her by her illustrious commander General Joseph Palafox. The day before I was introduced to this extraordinary female, she had been entertained at a dinner given by Admiral Purvis, on board his flagship. The particulars I received from an officer who was present; as she received a pension from government, and also the pay of an artilleryman, the admiral considered her as a military character, and, much to his credit, received her with the honours of that profession. Upon her reaching the deck, the marines were drawn up and manœuvred before her; she appeared quite at home, regarded them with a steady eye, and spoke in terms of admiration of their neatness and soldier-like appearance. Upon

* Vide *Universal Magazine* for March, 1809, p. 219.

examining the guns, she observed of one of them, with the satisfaction with which other women would speak of a cap, "my gun," alluding to the one with which she effected considerable havoc amongst the French, at Zaragoza, "was not so nice and clean as this." She was drinking her coffee when the evening gun fired; its discharge seemed to electrify her with delight: she sprang out of the cabin upon the deck, and attentively listened to the reverberation of its sound. In the evening she joined the dance with the rest of the company, and displayed a good ear for music, and considerable natural gracefulness. The sailors, as it may be supposed, were uncommonly pleased with her. Some were overheard to say, with a hearty oath, "I hope they will do something for her; she ought to have plenty of prize money; she is of the right sort."

So much envy does merit always excite, that there were many in Cadiz, and men too, who coldly called this young heroine the artillerywoman: and observed, that they should soon have nothing but battalions of women in the field, instead of attending to their domestic concerns, if every romantic female was rewarded and commissioned as Augustina had been. Base detractors! happy would it have been for your country, if many of your soldiers and most of your chiefs had acted with the undaunted intrepidity and unshaken patriotism of this young female! The interest of my interview with her was much increased by the following circumstance: Brigadier-general Doyle was relating to her the deplorable state to which Palafox had been reduced just before and after he fell into the hands of the enemy in the second siege; she listened to him with the most anxious attention. "Ah, Augustina," said he, "now attend to the last letters of your friend, hero, and general; he

will speak to you through them." He then read to her some very affecting letters written to Brigadier-general Doyle a short time before, after the surrender, which he afterwards translated to me, and of which the following are translated copies:

Zaragoza, Feb. 7, 1809.

"My dearest Friend and Brother,

"I have just received your letter—but no one comes to my assistance on any side; you, however, know me well: you know I will sooner die than cover myself with disgrace. But if you do not help me what am I to do? Ah, my friend, this thought does indeed afflict me; but I want not courage to die for the preservation of my honour; if you do not come quickly—very quickly—receive the last embraces of your dearest friend and brother! Sufficient that I say to you, *my tried friend*. (These three words are in English.) The bearer* of this will tell you—Ah, my friend! my brother!"

It may be proper here to observe, that the line of service, in which Brigadier-general Doyle was principally engaged, was that of collecting information of the movements of the enemy, and furnishing succours to the patriotic troops of Spain, a species of service for which the general, by his activity, zeal, address, and local knowledge, was eminently qualified. He made every exertion to send succours to the brave Arragonese in their renowned city, but without success. A dreadful pestilential fever broke out amongst them. (Owing to excess of fatigue, and the desperate condition of himself and his heroic comrades, Palafox became delirious, and when the French entered Zaragoza, was unable to make any arrangement for his personal safety. Augustina caught the pestilence, which was incumbering the streets with its victims. She had too much distinguished herself not to attract the notice of the French. She was made prisoner, and removed to an hospital, where, as she was considered to be dying of the fever, her guard paid

* This man was a priest, who, with great address, and at the imminent peril of his life, contrived to quit Zaragoza, and reach Brigadier-general Doyle with this letter.

but little attention to her. However, her good constitution began to triumph over this cruel malady, and finding she was but little watched, she contrived to elude the centinel, and in a manner as extraordinary as the rest of her exploits, escaped the enemy, and joined several of her friends, who had fled to the patriots, in perfect safety. General Doyle then read another, the last note but one, he had at that time received from Palafox; it was written at Pamplona, to which place he had been removed by the enemy in his way to Paris, and was dated March 13:

"My dearest Doyle—my friend—my brother—for God's sake send me by the bearer, or by letter on Bayonne, some money.—You know how long a journey is before me, and the moment will arrive when I shall beg charity. This is the only comfort I can now receive from your good heart. My dearest friend, they have robbed me to the very shirt. Adieu—adieu—adieu!"

The face of Augustina, which, as I have before observed, is remarkable for its sweetness, assumed a mingled expression of commiseration for her hero, and revenge against his enemies. Her eyes, naturally soft, flashed with peculiar fire and animation; tears rolled down her cheeks; and, clasping her hands, as the last word "adieu" was repeated, she exclaimed "Oh, those base invaders of my country, those oppressors of its best of patriots! should the fate of war place any of them within my power, I will instantly deliver up their throats to the knife." General Doyle was much impressed with the manner in which she uttered this fierce denunciation; a manner that can leave but little doubt of her carrying it into execution, should an opportunity offer. Soon afterwards, the husband of Augustina entered, who had been severely wounded during the sieges, accompanied by a youth, a nobleman, and a cousin of Palafox; when the

second siege took place, this young man was at college, which, upon the irruption of the French, he abruptly quitted, and after having distinguished himself at Rio Sico, under General Cuesta, with scarcely any money, and little food and clothing, he made his way to Zaragoza, and fought under his noble relative with enthusiastic bravery. It does not often fall to the lot of a traveller to meet with occurrences such as I have related, and to see a group of persons so distinguished for their intrepidity and patriotism. Augustina calls herself the *Woman of Zaragoza*: she occasionally wears the dress of the service into which she has entered, the artillery, but modestly preserves the petticoat. One evening, as she was walking alone in this habit, in one of the streets of Cadiz, with her sabre by her side, a man, attracted by her beauty, followed her a considerable way, upon which, offended at his impertinence, she turned round, and drawing her sabre, with great calmness but determination, told him, that if he followed her another step, she would cut him down. The desire of this gay, but not gallant, Lothario, was instantly turned into fear and he fled from the object of his wishes, as fast as his legs could carry him. She was proceeding to Seville, to be presented to the Central Junta, for the purpose of soliciting a higher appointment in the patriotic army.* The brave youth whom I have mentioned, lost very large possessions by the incursions of the French. In the struggle with France, the youth of Spain have exhibited many traits of gallantry. Amongst others, I cannot omit the following: In an attack made by the enemy upon the van-guard of General Venegas at Aranjuez, a very young officer of artillery, the only son of the Marquis of Panco, finding himself mortally wounded, called his company round him, and concluded

* The following energetic lines were written upon this amiable and intrepid female, by Mr. J. Blacket, a distinguished, but alas! a departed genius, in a poem called the

a short but animated and pathetic address to them, by saying, "My brave men! drop by your cannon, but never desert them—farewell, I go to other regions of glory."

In Cadiz, although a little national jealousy was occasionally visible, an Englishman experienced every mark of attention; a saying once in use amongst the Spaniards, was now revived in its full spirit, "*con todo el mundo guerra, y paz con Ynglaterra*"—"War with all the world, but peace with England." Cadiz has always been particularly attached to the English. Several Irish and Scottish families have resided in that city for many years without any molestation. It is worthy of remark, that whenever Spain declared war against France, almost every Frenchman, however humble his occupation, used to remove with every thing belonging to him from the country. In the beginning of the present war, between England and France, an order, forced by the predominant influence of the latter over Spain, was issued for every Englishman to quit the country: A British merchant, who had long resided in Cadiz, and whom I had the pleasure of knowing, went to the principal judge, and said, "By this order I am obliged to go to England; can I do any thing for you there?" To which the judge replied, "Are you infatuated? can I say more? Upon the faith of this hint, the merchant remained, and experienced the most perfect security. The hatred which all classes in Cadiz seemed to bear to the French, was in

proportion to their love and admiration of the English.

I dined at the hospitable country house (for so it was considered, although in a town) of Mr. Fleetwood, a merchant of great respectability, and whose donations, at various times, to the good cause of Spain, have not been less than three thousand pounds. Before dinner, we walked over the greater part of the town, which is well paved and kept very clean, chiefly by French prisoners, who are paid for their labour. The Calle Ancha is a very long and noble street. Several of the churches, convents, and houses are very handsome. After dinner, the whole place was alive, and the people, in crowds, hastened to the theatre of the bull-fight. As the only bull-fight in Spain was at this time here, and as there were some circumstances attending it rather of a novel nature, I shall not pass it over, although the Spanish bull-fight has been before described. The theatre was of wood; round the arena or circus were erected a number of seats ascending like steps, capable of containing about 10,000 persons; the boxes being at the upper part, and divided off, and the top of the highest covered over: in the centre was a very large and handsome box, appropriated to the governors and the principal civil and military officers of the town. The prices of the places are regulated by the sun and the shade: those on the shady side are the best, and to obtain as much shade as possible, the fights seldom commence before 4 o'clock. On my ticket was

Fall of Zaragoza, which, with some other poems, have been rescued from oblivion by the benevolence of Mr. Pratt.

— Oh! heaven-born heroine,
Fair Augustina, bold heroic maid!
Thine is the beauteous form, but warrior's soul;
Thine the re-animating gen'rous pride,
Like fam'd Camilla, nobly to deal forth
Destroying vengeance on thy country's foes;
Back to the breast of fainting courage call
The curdling blood, and bid thy brothers, armed,
Or die or triumph with thee!

inscribed, "Communes Sombra."— Upon entering the theatre, I was much impressed by the magnitude of the structure, and the immense assemblage of the people. The number of the men and women appeared to be nearly equal. Amongst the latter were several females of distinction, and many of great respectability. The box I sat in was next to that of the governor, who was extremely attentive and polite to me. A short time before he took his seat, one of the gates of the arena or circus opened, and a fine corps of volunteers entered, and cleared it of a great number of people, who had climbed over the side, and took the seats to which they were entitled. In the centre of the arena a strong post was fixed in the earth, upon the top of which sat a monkey, chained and dressed in scarlet regimentals. Many of the low Spaniards believe that the cause of the royal abolition of this their favourite pastime, arose from an objection entertained by the queen to the people assembling in large bodies together, but this is not the fact; more rational and provident reasons suggested it, in 1805, to Charles IV. or his ministers. This cruel exhibition imbrutes the disposition of the people; if the day on which it happens be not a Sunday, a day is lost to labour. The poorest persons, will sell their very beds to raise money to attend their popular spectacle, and agriculture and the army suffer by the extraordinary havoc which was formerly made amongst the horses and oxen, to an amount which is almost incredible. I found, by what took place, that the bull-fight at the Port was as much interdicted as in every town in Spain, but as a convenient boon to the people, the governor was permitted by the Supreme Junta, indirectly to concede it to them.

Before the fight commenced, a procession entered, composed of the different dramatis personæ in this bloody pastime; after making their obedience to the Governor, one of

them begged permission to fight the bulls: the Governor turned his head aside and made a motion that their prayer could not be granted, they again bowed, and as they were retiring, the people called out to his excellency, in a very brief exclamation, to indulge them with the spectacle, upon which the governor made a signal with his handkerchief to the performers, that the bulls might be fought. Thunders of applauses expressed the public gratitude, which at length was succeeded by the silence of highly excited expectation.

The bulls intended to be fought, were then driven across the arena, in company with two tame oxen with bells round their necks; three or four piccadores, mounted on tolerably well-looking Andalusian hacks, entered the circus, and took their station near some of the wooden partitions or barricadoes erected within it, for the protection of those who fight the bull on foot, when they are hard pressed by him. These equestrians wore leathern gaiters, well padded about the legs, thick leathern breeches, silk jackets of various colours, embroidered with spangles and lace, and trimmed with ribbons, whitish brown hats, tied under the chin, having a very broad flat brim, their hair in a net with a long tassel at the bottom, and carrying a long pole with a goad at the end. Presently the massy bars of a double gate under the Governor's box, through which the bulls had passed, were knocked aside, and the man who opened it, immediately sprang behind one of the before-mentioned barricadoes for security. This was a moment of uncommon anxiety and expectation. Immediately a noble Andalusian bull rushed into the arena; at first he seemed appalled by the shouts of such an immense concourse of people; he stared around him, pawed the earth, smelt it, snorted, and then observing the piccadores, he collected himself and made a desperate charge upon the nearest of them,

who turned him aside with his pike: with accumulated rage he assailed the next, and threw horse and rider with such violence, that the furious animal himself rolled over them, and, for a moment, they were all concealed by a cloud of dust. The chulos, or fort combatant, dressed en majo, or sprucely, much in the same attire as the male bolero dancers wear, rushed from behind the barricadoes, and provoked and distracted the infuriated beast by holding before him cloaks of different colours: in the mean time the fallen piccador rose, and remounted his horse, whose side had been opened by the bull, and whose entrails were hanging from the orifice in ribbons streaming with blood: the poor animal moved a little, but slowly, from the loss of blood, and from an apprehension of treading upon his bowels—horrible sight! his rider dismounted, but not till the miserable beast could carry him no more. The dying horse was left to languish: several times he made a convulsive but ineffectual effort to rise; then raised his head and looked around, as if to implore some one to dispatch him. No one, not even the hangman would have released him from his miseries. A proud custom forbids it, and he was left to breathe his last in agony. Such of the piccadores as are not able to ride off their horses, on account of their wounds, when the trumpets sound for the chulos to bait the bull, are paid less than those whose horses are able to carry them. This accounts for the piccadores pushing their horses, however badly gored, to the last extremity. After fighting the bull for some time, the trumpets sounded, the piccadores retired, and the chulos alone commenced an attack. With great confidence they approached the animal to his very horns, and as he rushed upon them alternately, they eluded the assault by adroitly stepping aside, first endeavouring to fix, and generally with success, two banderillas, or barbed arrows, decorated with curls of co-

loured paper on each side of his neck. If by accident or want of experience, they are fixed in the sides of the beast, or the banderillas do not adhere, the disapprobation of the spectators is excited. Some of these banderillas have gunpowder crackers attached to them, which discharge themselves soon after they are fastened, to madden the bull the more. In these attacks, the skill and intrepidity of the chulos were conspicuous. After some time, the people called out, matalo! matalo! kill him! kill him! meaning the bull. This is a high, though unwelcome compliment, paid to the animal. The trumpets again sounded, and the chulos retired.

The matador then entered alone, with a red cloak spread over a small stick in one hand, and a sword in the other; and amidst the applause of the populace, bowed to the Governor, who by a signal, gave him liberty to despatch the bull. The animal roaring and writhing with agony, endeavoured to shake the rattling banderillas from his neck, and prepared to charge the matador. The conflict now appeared to present a frightful disparity against the man. All were mute: no one of the mighty multitude seemed to breathe. Calm and collected, extending the stick which supported the red cloak, he courted the assault of the furious animal, who at length turning his head to the ground, rushed with all his might upon him. Once or twice, still more strongly to excite the feelings of the spectators, he stepped aside and let the bull pass; at length, upon the animal renewing the attack, and just as his horns were at his breast, the matador thrust his sword between them into his neck. The blow was mortal, and in an instant the fury of the animal seemed at an end. Rolling his eyes in death, he receded a little, then collected himself, fell upon his knees, and bellowed in expiring agony; blood gushed from his mouth, and he was finally despatched, the wound being first ascertained to be

mortal, by striking a dagger into the spine, and he died amidst the shouts of applause bestowed on the skill of the intrepid matador. Three horses yoked abreast, and decorated with little flags and ribbons, then entered, the bull was fastened to their traces by the horns, and dragged off at full gallop.

The skill of the matador at this amphitheatre was hereditary, and perhaps his fate may be so too. His father, named Pepebillo, was the first torreador in all Spain; but by missing his aim at the critical moment I have described, was gored to death by the animal with whom he was fighting. This man, when the late king was at Seville, offered, within a circle to be drawn by a stick in the dust of the arena, to kill the bull kneeling. The humanity of the King would not suffer such rashness, and he observed, the man must be mad to propose it. The Governor is a great favourite with the people. Observing the concern I felt in seeing one part of the fight, he said to me in French, "I wish that bull were Buonaparte."

I could not learn the reason why the torments of the bull were permitted to be at once terminated by the stiletto, and the same act of common mercy refused to so noble, so courageous, so mild and docile an animal as the horse. Some years since, the late King issued an order that all dogs found in Madrid without collars should be killed: and the common executioner was ordered to despatch them; the fellow refused, declaring it was his office to kill men, not dogs. Some miserable wretches, who live by collecting rags and paper in the vilest parts of the city, were then applied to, to do the business, with an offer of reward; but such was the pride of these people, that although they used clandestinely to steal and kill dogs for their skins, they also refused the undertaking as beneath them.

The Andalusian bulls are the most

ferocious, and therefore most prized in the bull-fights. Unless several horses are killed, the fight is considered by the most delicate and refined female spectators as unsatisfactory. The interest of it is much increased by a man being now and then wounded. The ladies have no very high idea of the bravery of a foreigner who exhibits any other sensations than those of gratification at these fights. During this savage diversion, men go about with nuts and small crabs' claws, as refreshment, crying out "*boccas, boccas,*" meaning "will you have a mouthfull?"

The novillos are generally young bulls that go through all the stages of the fight, except the last: sometimes they are baited by dogs.

Upon my return from Seville to the Port, the fame of an Andalusian bull attracted me once more, and I determined that it should be the last time, to the amphitheatre. It was indeed a terrible animal. In the course of his fury, he gored five horses to death, and nearly killed one of the piccadores, who was extricated from his horns, and carried off. The Governor's daughter had honoured the beast by making, with her own delicate hands, a rich decoration for his neck, and lovely women applauded the bloody havoc which he made. A young Marquis, a well-known afficionado, or amateur, of bull-killing, was discovered by the spectators standing in the arena, behind one of the wooden barricadoes, upon which the cry of "*el Marques, el Marques!*" resounded from every quarter. This was a flattering request to the young nobleman, who had already won several ladies' hearts by his beauty and his prowess, to come forward and supersede the matador, and despatch the bull. The ladies waved their fans, and the noble torreador prepared to obey the call, but the governor interfered, and would not permit it. "Oh what merit has that fine young nobleman," said a pretty Spanish lady, "how beautifully did he kill the bull."

I learned that he had obtained all his popularity by having despatched a very fierce bull a few Sundays before, with such grace and science, that his friends, as a distinguished mark of their enthusiastic admiration, took off their neckcloths, coats, and some even their waistcoats, and threw them at him in the arena. This compliment, strange as it may seem to an Englishman, appeared to afford him the highest gratification; and after collecting together the articles thus thrown, and distributing them to their owners, he vaulted into a seat among the spectators, amid thunders of plaudits. This nobleman was remarkably handsome, and a few years since, distinguished himself at the bull-fights at Madrid, where he attracted so much of the Queen's attention, that the Prince of the Peace deemed it prudent to banish him from the city. He has lost much of his consequence however by associating with the bull-fighters, and is on that account as little respected as the noble patrons of the pugilistic art are here, for the same reason.

Although it is always usual to kill the bull that shows much spirit, the one I have last described was reserved on account of his peculiar merit, for another fight, it being rather necessary at this period to husband up the resources of a gratification so highly estimated. He was accordingly led out, with the blood streaming down his chest and shoulders, by the two tame oxen I have before mentioned; who, upon being admitted into the arena, went up to him, and seemed to invite him to retire, upon which they all moved off together. In this manner, the bull which is not given up to the matador, is always conducted away. The decoying oxen are trained for the occasion; it is not a little interesting to see how consoled the poor, bleeding, harassed, and palpitating bull seems when they come to his relief, and how well pleased he trots off from his persecutors, between his two friends. The

monkey, I found, rarely takes a part in this exhibition, and is never exposed when there is much danger. His vaulting in the air, as far as his chain will allow, his terror and grimaces when the bull runs at him, are sources of much more amusement to the people than to the performer, who, on the day I saw him, in a moment of great personal apprehension, broke his chain, and took refuge amongst the spectators. When the bull makes towards the monkey, the people exclaim, "*à la mona, à la mona, to the monkey.*" After the fight, I was admitted behind the scenes, that is, to see the dens in which the bulls are kept before they appear in the arena. From the outside of the building, the animals enter a passage, having on each side several of these dens, each of which is provided with a portcullis door, moveable up and down by pullies. These dens are boarded at top, having holes and trap-doors at certain distances, through which the keepers, in perfect safety from above, can goad each bull from one den into another, or into the passage, at the end of which is the gate that opens into the arena: here, if the animal be remarkably ferocious and powerful, a massy door raised and depressed by pullies, is suddenly let down upon his neck, to reduce his strength, and at the same time to exasperate his spirit. Experience enables the bull-fighters to know by a glance of the eye the peculiar disposition of the bull, and even to ascertain whether he pushes with the right or left horn. The gate is then opened, and he makes his entry into the arena. There are also rooms for the different performers; and one in which are a bier, a crucifix, and surgical instruments for those who get wounded, and a priest attends with the host in case of a fatal accident. After the fight, the dead horses are drawn out and laid upon an adjoining spot of ground, to be devoured by the dogs; and the bulls, which are the perquisites of the matador, are sold

at about sixteen dollars each. Each of the piccadores receives fifteen doubloons, at three piastres each doubloon for each fight. The matadors the same, and the chulos thirty dollars each: after these and a handsome sum to the proprietor of the theatre,

and the cost of the bulls and horses, &c. are paid, the residue, which is always considerable, is given to charitable institutions, and other public purposes. And thus is even cruelty made ministerial to humanity and civilization!

FROM THE LONDON LITERARY PANORAMA.

EMBASSY TO ABYSSINIA.

Mr. Salt's success, in his embassy.—

In our eighth vol. p. 329, we noticed the arrival of Mr. Salt in Abyssinia. We have since learnt by a vessel arrived from thence, some particulars of the result of the voyage, as far as related to the principal object with which it was undertaken. The King of that country received Mr. Salt, the British Agent, with particular respect and distinction: and the few but well-selected presents delivered by the latter, produced a very favourable disposition in the personage on whom they were conferred. Much opposition had been given by some artful French itinerants, as foreseen by Lord

Valentia, but the English interest ultimately and completely prevailed, and for the first time in this remote Christian country, prayers were offered up for the life of George the III. on the Sabbath day, in the same service with those for the native sovereign. Mr. Pierce, who was left at Massowah to learn the language of the country, was found in perfect health. Mr. Salt was introduced to the King of Abyssinia at his capital, Antalow; and we understand that an opening is made for commercial intercourse. We need not state to our readers that this is the gentleman who accompanied Lord Valentia in his tour.

FROM THE LONDON MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

RULES RELATIVE TO SPECTACLES.

SPECTACLES, by assisting the eyes to converge rays of light, restore and preserve to us one of the most noble and valuable of our senses. They enable the mechanic to continue his labours and earn his subsistence to the extreme of old age. By their aid the scholar pursues his studies and recreates his mind with intellectual pleasures; thus passing away days and years with delight and satisfaction, which might otherwise have been devoured by melancholy, or wasted in idleness.

Spectacles, when well chosen, should neither enlarge nor diminish objects, and should show the letters of a book black and distinct; nor ought they in any degree to fatigue the eye.

Every one must determine for himself the glasses which produce the most distinct vision, yet some attention should be paid to the judgment of the person of whom they are purchased. By trying many spectacles the eye becomes fatigued in accommodating itself to the several

changes, and the purchaser often fixes on a pair which is injurious to his sight.

People often injure those tender organs, and deprive themselves of future assistance from glasses, by purchasing them of hawkers and pedlars, who are equally ignorant of the science of optics, and of the construction of the eye.

RULES FOR THE PRESERVATION OF THE SIGHT.

1. Never sit for a length of time in absolute gloom, or exposed to a blaze of light, and then remove to an opposite extreme.

2. Avoid reading a very small print.

3. Never read by twilight, nor by fire-light, nor, if the eyes are disordered, by candle-light.

4. Do not permit the eye to dwell on glaring objects, particularly on first awaking in a morning.

5. Long-sighted persons should accustom themselves to read with rather less light, and somewhat nearer to the eye, than is naturally agreeable; while the short-sighted should habituate themselves to read with the book as far off as possible.

6. Nothing preserves the sight longer than a moderate degree of light; too little strains the eyes, and too great a quantity dazzles and inflames them.

7. Do not wear other spectacles than your own, to which your eyes have accommodated themselves.

SPECTACLES ARE NECESSARY,

1. When we are obliged to remove small objects to an increased distance from the eye, to see them distinctly;

2. When we find it necessary to have more light than formerly; as, for instance, when we find ourselves

placing the candle between the eye and the object;

3. When, on looking at and attentively considering a near object, it becomes confused, and appears to have a kind of mist before it;

4. When the letters of a book run into one another, and become double and treble;

5. When the eyes are so fatigued by a little exercise, that we are obliged to shut them from time to time, and to relieve them by looking at different objects.

Then it will be prudent and necessary to set aside all prudery; honestly confess that age is creeping upon us; that our eyes are an unerring warning; and without coquetry or apology, ask the optican for a pair of spectacles.

For those who live at a distance from large cities, the following modes of calculating the focus of glasses, will prove useful:

Rules for calculating the Focus of Convex Glasses.—Multiply the distance at which a person sees distinctly, by the distance at which he wishes to see, and divide the product by the difference between the said distances; the quotient is the desired focus.

Rule for Concave Glasses to read and write, for a near-sighted Person.

—Multiply the greatest distance at which the short-sighted sees distinctly with his naked eye, by the distance at which it is required he should see distinctly by a concave glass, and divide the product by the difference between the said distances. If it is to see remote objects, the focus should be the same as that required for the distance of distinct vision.

The preceding observations are valuable just in proportion to the value of sight, and to the pleasure of seeing distinctly and without pain.

FROM THE LONDON SPORTING MAGAZINE.

A WHOLE DAY TO OURSELVES!

ANECDOTE of the celebrated President Henault, the author of the *Abrégé Chronologique*, and Madame du Deffand.

They were both complaining one day of the continual interruptions they met with from the society in which they lived. "How happy should we be," said the lady, "to have a whole day to ourselves!" They agreed to try whether this was not possible: and at last found a small apartment in the Tuilleries, belonging to a friend, which was unoccupied, and where they proposed to meet. They arrived, accordingly, in separate conveyances, about eleven in the forenoon, appointed their carriages to return at twelve at night, and ordered dinner from a *Traiteur*. The morning was passed entirely to the satisfaction of both, in the effusions of love and friendship. "If every day," said the one to the other, "were to be like this, life would be too short." Dinner came, and before four o'clock, sentiment had given place to gaiety and wit. About six the lady looked at the clock. "They play *Athalie* to-night," said she, "and the new actress is to make her appearance." "I confess," said the President, "that

if I were not here, I should regret not seeing her." "Take care, President," said the lady; "what you say is really an expression of regret; if you had been as happy as you profess to be, you would not have thought of the possibility of being at the representation of *Athalie*." The President vindicated himself, and ended with saying, "Is it for you to complain when you were the first to look at the clock, and to remark that *Athalie* was acted to-night. There is no clock for those who are happy." The dispute grew warm, they became more and more out of humour, and by seven they wished most earnestly to separate. That was impossible. "Oh!" said the lady, "I cannot stay here till twelve. Five hours longer!—What a punishment!" There was a skreen in the room. The lady seated herself behind it, and left the room to the President. The President, piqued at it, takes a pen and writes a note full of reproaches, and throws it over the skreen. The lady picks up the note, and writes an answer in the sharpest terms. At last, twelve o'clock arrived, and each hurried off separately, fully resolved never to try the same experiment again!

POETRY.

By Mr. Dimond.

ST. AGNES' WELL.

A story there runs of a marvellous Well,
Near fair Florence city (so travellers tell)
To St. Agnes devoted,
And very much noted,
For mystical charms in its waters that dwell.
With all new-married couples—the story thus goes,
Whichever drinks first of the spring that there flows,
Be it Husband or Wife,
That one shall for life,
On the other a yoke of subjection impose.

Young Claude led Claudine to the church
as his bride,
And Wedlock's hard knot in a twinkling
was tied,
But the clerk's nasal twang
'Amen!' scarce had rang,
When the bridegroom eloped from his
good woman's side.
Away, like a hare from the hounds, started he—
Till reaching the Well—dropping plump
on his knee,
'Dear St. Agnes,' he cried,
'Let me drink of thy tide,
And the right to the breeches establish
in me.'

He quaff'd till nigh bursting—again turn'd
to quaff,
Till the bride in pursuit, reached his side
with a laugh—
Lifting briskly his head,
To the Lady he said,
‘I’m first at the Well, Spouse, so bow to
the staff!’
The Dame to her Hubby replied with a
sneer,—
‘That you’re first at the Well after mar-
riage is clear—
But to save such a task,
I fill’d a small flask,
And took it to church in my pocket, my
Dear!’

JERRY CONSOLED.

A JERRY, whose tumultuous wife
Led him a devil of a life,
Bore her tyrannic sway and rule,
Not like a man, but like a fool;
To anger him was her delight,
He had no peace from morn to night;
And, while she exercised her power,
And wrangled with him by the hour,
And cut up every joy and ease,
He bore his lot like Socrates.
At length, that all his cares might end,
Propitious fortune stood his friend.
Over his troubles to condole,
To an old croney oft he stole;
And, in his converse, consolation
Found in the midst of his vexation.
She, in a scrape thinking to catch him,
When he went out resolved to watch him;
Ran to a window high up stairs;
And, to detect him unawares,
There, as she thought his sport to mar,
Forgetting she might lean too far,
While her impatience naught could check,
She tumbled out, and broke her neck.
The wondering neighbours round her
press’d,
And Jerry came among the rest,
They all in pitying accents spoke;
“She’s dead,” cried one, “her neck’s
quite broke:”
“Come, come,” said Jerry, “no great
harm,
It might, you know, have been her arm.”
BADINE.

By Ebn Alrum.

ON A VALETUDINARIAN.

So careful is Isa, and anxious to last,
So afraid of himself is he grown,
He swears thro’ two nostrils the breath
goes too fast,
And he’s trying to breathe thro’ but one.

TO AN EXOTIC.

TENDER offspring of my care,
Hast thou braved the wintry blast,
Batt’ring sleet, congealing air,
Thus at Spring to droop at last?

Many a night-storm howling drear
Vainly raged around thy shed;
Many a keen morn’s breath austere
Failed to bow thy sheltered head.

Ah! a counterfeit of Spring,
Soothing with deceitful breath,
Hid beneath a zephyr’s wing,
Shafts of winter—shafts of death.

Phœbus lent a treacherous ray,
Luring confidence and joy;
Luring only to betray,
Warning only to destroy.

Then thy soft dilating heart,
Gave its shoots, and shed its fears,
Swift the phantom hurls her dart,
As in the clouds she disappears.

Gentle alien to a sky,
Ever varying its state,
Though its native, still must I
Share thy feelings and thy fate.

As contending winds prevail
In the elemental strife,
Straining, slackening, they assail
All the trembling strings of life.

Sinking, then my languid eyes
Fail my spirits to amuse;
Wearied, fainting ere they rise,
Exercise my limbs refuse.

And as every season’s change
In the change of one we see;
Ere ’tis seen, I feel its force,
Shrinking, withering, like thee.

E. A.

*Verses addressed by the Khaliph Al-
moktofi Liamrillah to a Lady, who
pretended a passion for him in his
old age.*

Though such unbounded love you swear,
’Tis only art I see;
Can I believe that one so fair
Should ever doat on me?
Say that you hate, and freely show
That age displeases youth;
And I may love you when I know
That you can tell the truth.

By Ebn Alrumi.

TO A LADY WEeping.

When I beheld thy blue eye shine
Thro' the bright drop that Pity drew,
I saw beneath those tears of thine
A blue-eyed violet bathed in dew.

The violet ever scents the gale,
Its hues adorn the fairest wreath,
But sweetest thro' a dewy veil
Its colours glow, its odours breathe.

And thus thy charms in brightness rise—
When Wit and Pleasure round thee play,
When Mirth sits smiling in thine eyes,
Who but admires their sprightly ray?
But when thro' Pity's flood they gleam,
Who but must love their softened beam?

From the Italian.—By Miss Seeward.

ADDRESS TO WOMAN.

Designed for peace and soft delight,
For tender love and pity mild,
O seek not thou the craggy height,
The howling main, the desert wild!

Stay in the sheltered valley low,
Where calmly blows the fragrant air;
But shun the mountain's stormy brow,
For darkened winds are raging there.

The ruffian Man endures the strife
Of tempests fierce, and furious seas;
Ah! better guard thy transient life,
Woman, thou rosy child of ease!

Rash Man, for glory's fading wreath
Provokes his early, timeless doom,
Seeks every varied form of death,
And desperate hastens to the tomb.

But thou, O Gentlest! what can rend
With cruel grief, thy panting heart?
Nor Heaven nor Man dost thou offend,
What fancied woes can dread impart?

Ah! surely, on thy primal day,
Great Nature smiled in kindest mood,
Suspended held the bloody fray,
And hushed the wind, and smoothed the flood!

While Man, who lives a life of pain,
Was with a soul vindictive born,
Loud winds blew round him, and the rain
Beat furious on his wintry morn.

But thou, beneath a vernal sky,
What distant tempest wakes thy fears?
Why does that soft, that trembling eye
Gleam through a crystal film of tears?

Stay in the vale;—no wild affright
Shall cross thy path, nor sullen care?
But go not to the craggy height,
The dark, loud winds are raging there.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

RECENT AMERICAN PUBLICATIONS.

Books published by Seymour and Williams, Savannah,

Sermons on various subjects by Henry Kollock, D. D. Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Savannah, 1 Vol. octavo. Price 2 dolls. 50 cents.

Published—A friendly Visit to the House of Mourning, price 50 cents.

By John West & Co.

Published—Report of the Trial of Geo. Ryan, before the Superior Court of New Hampshire, for highway Robbery.

D. Mallory & Co. Boston,

The Freeman's Magazine, and General Miscellany, No. 1, for April 1811, accompanied with two Vignette engravings. Demonstration of the Divinity of the

Scriptures, in the fulfilment of the Prophecies. In a series of essays. By a layman.

By Lewis & Crowell, Newburgh, and Thomas G. Evans, Goshen,

Published—Poems composed by a young black female slave, living in Minisink.

By Collins & Co. New York,

Published—Vol. 1, No. 2 of the American Mineralogical Journal. Price 50 cts.

By D. Fenton, Trenton,

Published—A new selection of Evangelical Hymns, intended as a pocket companion for the pious of all Christian denominations.

PROPOSED AMERICAN PUBLICATIONS.

C. Norris & Co. and E. C. Beals propose To publish by subscription—An ele-

gant edition of *Orlando Furioso*: translated from the Italian of Ludovico Ariosto; with notes. By John Hoole.

By Seymour & Williams, Savannah,
In the Press, an original work, called *The History of Georgia*, from its first settlement under the government of general James Edward Oglethorpe, to the commencement of the American revolution. With an introductory view of the present state of the country, its climate, soil, productions, population, and extent, &c. to be published in one volume octavo. Price 2 dolls. 25 cents, in boards.—Also in the Press, A uniform edition of Walter Scott's poems, in 3 vols. 12mo. commencing with the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*. Price 4 dolls. per vol.

Shortly will be published,

A highly useful and interesting work, entitled *Dufief's Nature Displayed*, in her mode of teaching language to man: or a New and Infallible Method of Acquiring a Language in the shortest time possible: adapted to the Spanish, by Don Manuel de Torres and L. Hargous, Professors of General Grammar.

Proposals for publishing the Life of the late Charles B. Brown, late Editor of the *American Register*, &c. To which will be added, Original Letters and Reflections from his private manuscripts. In 2 vols. octavo.

Benjamin Chapman proposes

To publish by subscription, the whole Poetical Works of Robert Burns, the celebrated Scots Poet, in which will be included several pieces, which have never appeared in any edition in America.

J. Low, New York, proposes

To publish by subscription a Work entitled *Meditations and Contemplations on the Sufferings of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ*, in which the history of the

Passions, as given by the four Evangelists, is connected, harmonized, and explained, with suitable Prayers and Offices of Devotion. By J. Rambach, late of the University of Giessen.

Edward J. Coale, Baltimore, proposes To publish an Introduction to the History of Maryland. To which is added, a Sketch of the History of Maryland, during the three first years after its original settlement By John Leeds Bosman, Esq.

RECENT BRITISH PUBLICATIONS.

Hortus Kewensis; or, a Catalogue of the Plants cultivated in the Royal Botanic Garden at Kew. By the late William Aiton. The second edition.

Letters on Professional Character and Manners: on the Education of a Surgeon, and the Duties and Qualifications of a Physician; addressed to James Gregory, M.D.

A Winter in Paris; or, *Memoirs of Madame De C*****; written by herself. Comprising a view of the present State of Society and Manners in that Capitol; and interspersed with Anecdotes.

The Storm; with other Poems. By Elizabeth Darwall.

A History of the Colleges, Halls, and Public Buildings attached to the University of Oxford; including the Lives of the Founders. By Alex. Chalmers, F. S. A.

The sixth number of *Pinkerton's New Modern Atlas*, containing Maps of Peru, the Prussian Dominions, and Northern Italy.

The History of Westminster Abbey and its Monuments.

PROPOSED BRITISH PUBLICATION.

Illustrations of Mr. Walter Scott's poem of the *Lady of the Lake*, engraved from a beautiful set of Paintings, by Mr. Richard Cook, in the first style of excellence, by Warren, Charles, Heath, Armstrong, Canker, Smith, and Engleheart.